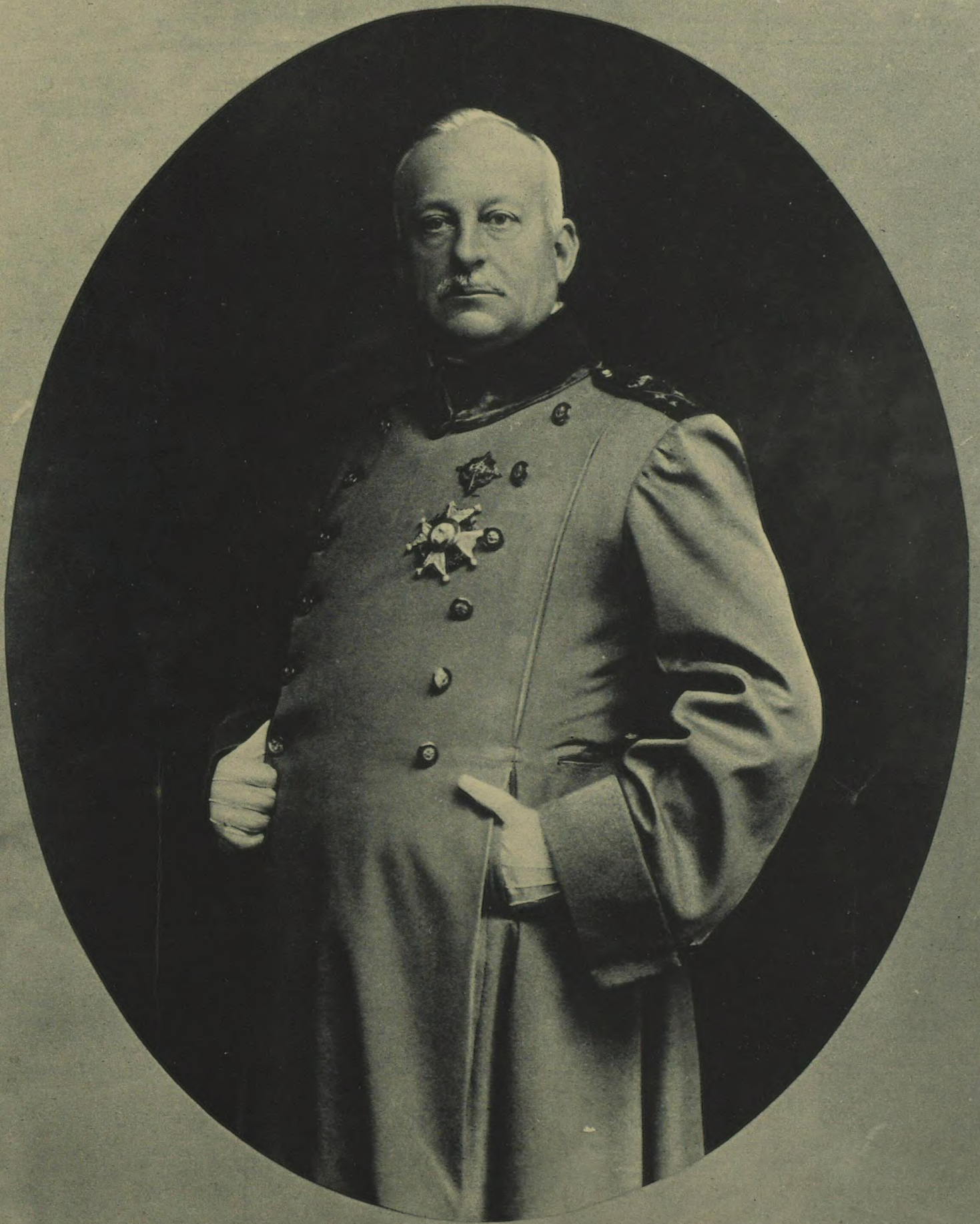


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1926.

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THE "STRONG MAN" OF SPAIN, WHOSE ARMY REFORMS WERE RUMOURED TO HAVE CAUSED UNREST: GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA, MARQUIS DE ESTELLA.

Rumours of a revolt in Spain, circulated on August 30, and strengthened by the fact that for thirty-six hours there had been no direct news from that country, were denied later in a message from Madrid. There had previously been reports of agitation in the Spanish Army against the new system of promotion by election, instead of seniority, introduced by General Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella. The Marquis, who has been called

the "Mussolini" of Spain, effected a *coup d'état* in 1923, and set up a Military Directory. Last December it was dissolved and a civil Cabinet formed in which he became President of the Council. He took a leading part in retrieving the Spanish campaign in Morocco. Lately Spain has been urging claims to a protectorate over Tangier and to a permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOST of us have read Macaulay's essay on Southey's book in our boyhood, and found it exactly suited to the mind of a boy; for it was what was best and what was worst in Macaulay that he never ceased to be a boy. If we have done so, we have realised something of the story of a queer, historical revenge. For when Macaulay began to be swept off the field, it was by the rush of Carlyle and Ruskin, who said the very things that Southey had been swept off the field for saying. One does not need to be a Socialist nowadays to smile at the simplicity of Macaulay, who is puzzled to find the Tory Laureate paying a tribute to the importance of Robert Owen. In that matter the Whig was much stodgier and stupider than the Tory. One does not need to be a mediævalist to be amused at the extremely literal and laborious way in which Macaulay proves that the industrial populace are happier than their fathers, who were hunters or fighters, merely because the industrialists live longer. It does not seem to have occurred to Macaulay that the place where people would probably live longest, and in the most perfect safety, would be a prison or a lunatic asylum.

I do not propose to re-examine this remote and probably forgotten controversy of the early nineteenth century, but merely to take a text from it. Among the opinions of Robert Southey which appeared most arbitrary and capricious to Thomas Babington Macaulay was one expressed somewhat thus: "I never believed in the superior happiness of savages, but I think that a nation which has advanced some way in civilisation is happier than one that has advanced further." And Southey proceeds, I think, to place the turning-point somewhere about the stage of culture which existed in the time of Sir Thomas More. Anyhow, Southey said that progress was good up to a point and bad afterwards. And as I read it even as a boy, quite carried away by Macaulay's boyish logic, something stirred in my subconscious mind and said: "I wonder if there is something in that!"

Certainly the notion is not so unnatural as Macaulay implied, since it has all the analogy of nature. A flower blooms up to a certain point and withers; an animal grows and lives up to a point, after which, in an animal sense, it has lived too long; an operation of any sort begins to do harm when it can no longer do good. But I do not trust, at least I do not depend upon, these analogies between the natural order and the supernatural exception called man. Man might be a monster among the birds and beasts in this, as he is in other respects; he might have an indefinite progress as he has an immortal soul. But there seems to me to be a truth of historical experience also behind Southey's notion, though that truth may not be easy to state, and may often be stated wrong.

Take the case of art. It seems to me that there are three stages in most historic art; the first in which it is symbolical and significant; the second in which it is realistic but still significant; the third in which it is realistic but not significant. A drawing of the Dark Ages, representing God and His saints, or even an earthly king with his earthly courtiers, will often represent the courtiers who are in the foreground as quite small and the king who is in the distance as much larger—merely because he is more important. In other words, the artist recognises the realities of the relation in defiance of the illusion of the perspective. Advance two hundred years, and we find that the artist has begun to allow for the perspective, but has not forgotten the realities. Giotto or one of the Primitives would represent the

king as a real man in a real room, materially in the background but morally still in the foreground. The lines of perspective would vanish towards a point; but the king would be the point; and the painter would stick to the point. The angels or courtiers may look larger than the king, but they will look towards the king. And the spectator visiting the picture-gallery will follow the excellent examples of the angels.

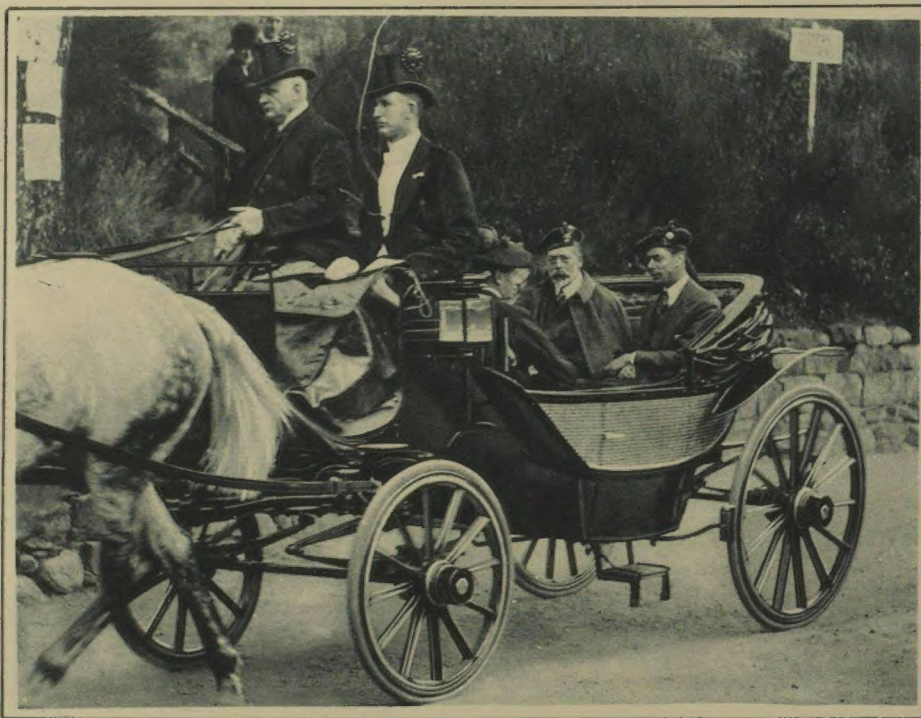
Then take another stride across two or three hundred years, and you will find that the material perspective is perfect and the moral perspective is gone. You will find that the courtiers have turned their backs on the king, have entirely forgotten the king, and are themselves looking towards the spectator and grouped and posing for the camera. You will see a picture like the great Paul Veronese's "Marriage in Cana"; a magnificent portrait of an Elizabethan gentleman striding about among Elizabethan ladies and a bustle of servants carrying costly flagons or laden dishes; and somewhere in a corner, a mere detail in a background, the small distant

and the third painter forgot what he was painting. I take this example because it is a familiar one; but there are a great many other types that could be taken to illustrate the same suggestion; and to many the suggestion will still seem very strange. In the darkness of barbarism men knew the truth without the facts. In the twilight of half-civilisation, they saw the truth illuminating the facts. In the full blaze and radiance of complete civilisation they found all the facts and lost the truth for ever.

I should not state the suggestion so strongly as this; but it might be stated quite as strongly as Southey stated it when Macaulay made game of it. And it is the absence of any intelligent understanding of this idea that makes so many modern disparagements of "mediævalism" every bit as shallow as Macaulay. For instance, the mediæval legend or tradition said that Jerusalem was the centre of the earth, and that the earth was the centre of the starry system. Both these statements as material statements are apparently untrue. But as moral statements they are still very much truer than is realised by the simple materialists who can never get over their surprise at their own intelligence in seeing material facts when they are pointed out to them.

The Dean of St. Paul's and the Gentleman with a Duster and other earnest evolutionists are always talking about the astronomical world as if it altered all the proportions of the spiritual world. They are always suggesting that the earth we know is only a speck in a speckled sky, in a world that is black with white spots. But they are very shallow and quite mistaken. The earth is not in that sense merely a spot; it is emphatically *the* spot. It is man who is emphatically on the spot. It is mediæval philosophy that emphatically touches the spot. This star is not only the only star that concerns us, but the only star in which we can find anything really worth being concerned about. Its material size may be anything the materialist chooses; but its moral importance is exactly what the mediævalist declared. The world may look like anything or nothing through a telescope or a microscope, just as the king in the picture may look small or large according to the telescopic lines of the perspective. But nobody has ever found a king in Saturn or Jupiter to dispute the spiritual realm of the king of this planet; nor any man in the moon to be a rival to the man on the earth.

Even those who said Jerusalem was the centre of the world were more correct than those who dreamed, in the Jingo days, that Jerusalem was only a thing of the past, and Johannesburg a thing of the future. We are already seeing this, with the Zionists growing more important in Zion than even the Jews were on the Rand. Those who called Jerusalem the world's centre stated something more than a myth. It was not perhaps correct geography, but it was very correct history. In very early times men sometimes identified these vital truths with material circumstances that were not true. But even that was better than losing the truths altogether in kicking up a dust about the material circumstances. So long as men understand the importance of man, the importance of the earth, or even the importance of Jerusalem, they do share a common culture and comprehension of things as they are, which can survive any amount of correction in concrete detail. But when madness falls on them and they dream in a dark frenzy that Jerusalem is a town in Palestine, that man is an anthropoid, or that the earth is only a planet, then, indeed, we know that the third stage is reached, and their very minds are in decay.



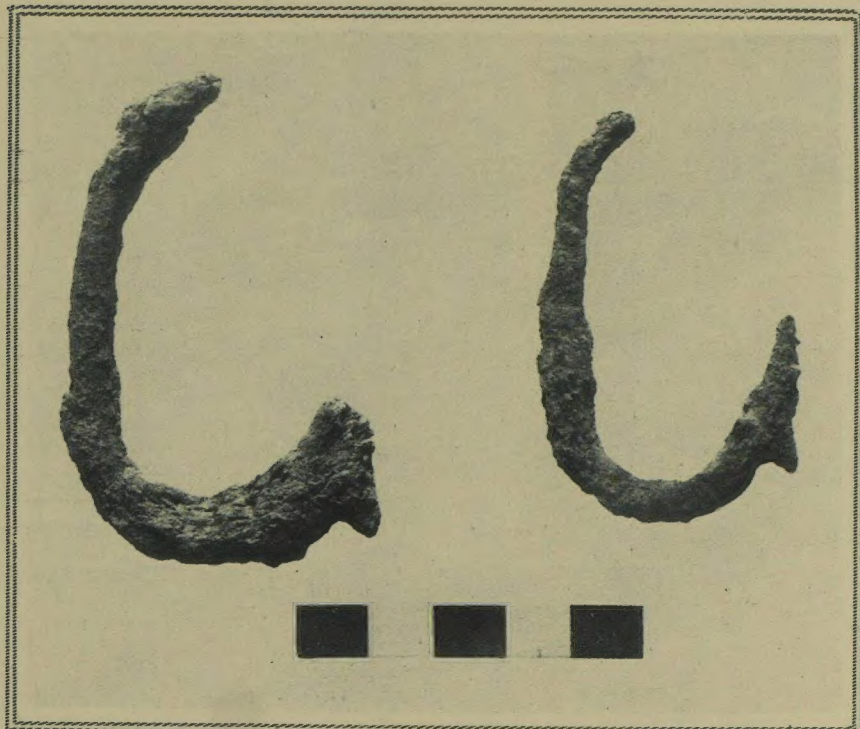
THE KING IN SCOTLAND: HIS MAJESTY WITH THE DUKE OF YORK (ON RIGHT) AND PRINCE HENRY (LEFT) DRIVING AWAY FROM CRATHIE CHURCH, AFTER SERVICE. The King, accompanied by the Duke of York and Prince Henry, drove over from Balmoral on Sunday, August 29, to attend Divine service in Crathie Parish Church. The Rev. John Stirton, D.D., Domestic Chaplain to the King, officiated and preached. After service his Majesty and the two Princes drove to Mar Lodge to lunch with the Princess Royal.—[Photograph by Topical.]

figures of Christ and Mary at the Feast. Doubtless they would really look small, but they would also look significant; and here they look quite insignificant.

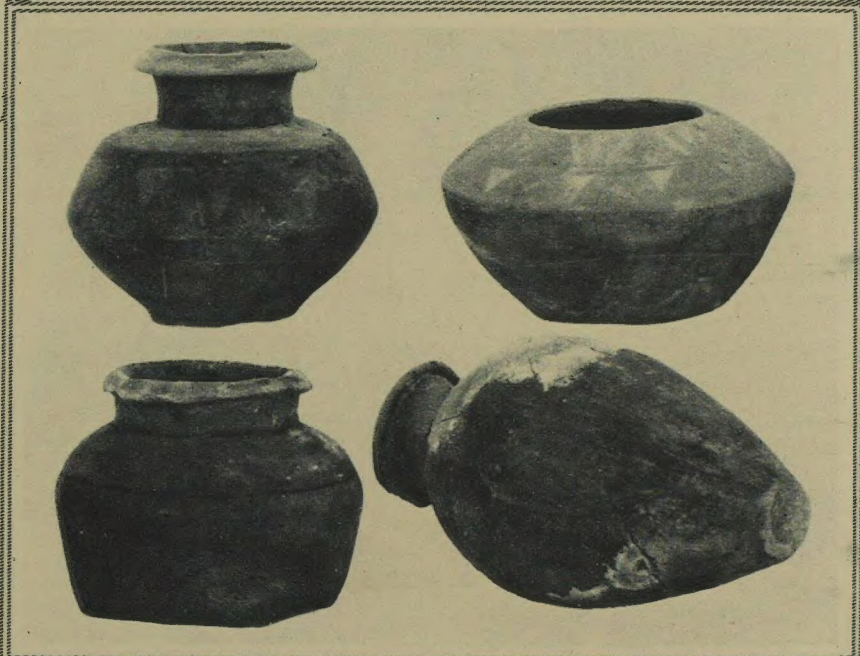
Now, taking that obvious case for convenience, it is clearly inconclusive to talk about progress or perpetual advance. It is obvious that in one sense the second stage is an advance on the first; in so far as the first artist could only draw a clumsy picture of a giant sitting on a throne with a row of pigmies in front of him. It may be true that in one way the third stage is an advance on the second; since the third painter can paint all sorts of things that the second painter never attempted. But, for all that, the third painter has not really attempted what the second painter achieved. He has not expressed the solidarity, the concentration, and the simplicity of surprise with which a crowd looks towards a marvel—a god or a king or that true Master of the Feast who can turn water into wine. It may be said in one sense that the painting has steadily improved; but it is not so certain that the intelligence has improved. It is true to say that each of the three painters knew a little more about painting; or, at any rate, about paints. But it is at least equally true to say that the first painter was trying to paint; the second painter painted;

NEW DISCOVERIES AT KISH: A GREAT TEMPLE; 5000-YEARS-OLD POTTERY.

BY COURTESY OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY (HERBERT WELD) AND FIELD MUSEUM (CHICAGO) EXPEDITION TO MESOPOTAMIA. DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE BY MR. HENRY FIELD.



AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY: TWO COPPER FISH-HOOKS OVER 5000 YEARS OLD. FROM JEMDET NAZR, A NEWLY EXCAVATED SITE SIXTEEN MILES FROM KISH



MADE AND USED OVER 5000 YEARS AGO: TYPES OF PAINTED POTTERY FROM JEMDET NAZR, A SITE NEAR KISH DATING FROM ABOUT 3500 B.C.



THE FIRST THERIOMORPHIC (ANIMAL-SHAPED) VASE EVER FOUND IN MESOPOTAMIA: A UNIQUE GREEN GLAZED VESSEL IN THE FORM OF A CROUCHING PIG.

Continued.]

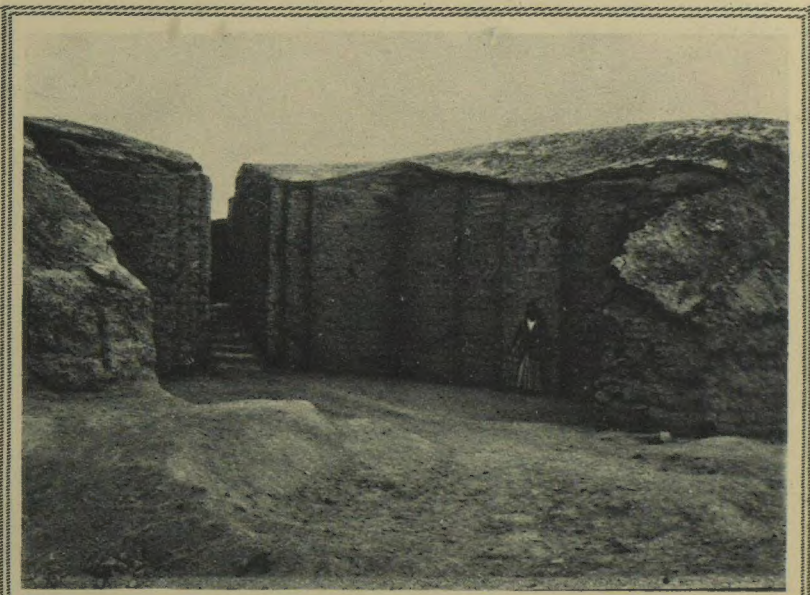
and Early Egypt (First Dynasty), where other types of this kind alone have been found. . . . The best example is that of a green glazed vase in the shape of a crouching pig, while several seals have pots representing various animal forms engraved on them. Among other interesting objects are two copper fish-hooks as well as a number of net-sinkers—all of which belong to the early period. . . . From a study of the epigraphy on the tablets the date suggested is earlier than B.C. 3500, and this is in complete accord with other evidence. . . . It is interesting



RECONSTRUCTED BY NEBUCHADNEZZAR AND NABONIDUS: THE GREAT TEMPLE OF HARSAGKALEMA AT KISH—THE EXCAVATIONS, SHOWING RECESSED COLONNADES.

"PROFESSOR LANGDON," writes Mr. Henry Field, "has returned to Oxford after a very successful season's work at Kish, which is situated sixty-five miles south of Baghdad. His preliminary press report on the work has been delayed owing to his serious illness. . . . The Expedition is jointly financed by Oxford University (Mr. Herbert Weld) and the Field Museum, Chicago. The excavation of the vast temple complex of Harsagkalema was commenced this season with 180 workmen. The original temple was found and, as previously unearthed tablets stated, had been reconstructed by Nebuchadnezzar and Nabonidus. This temple has the recessed colonnade decoration similar to the one found in western Kish. The photographs by Mr. Mackay show this very clearly. The task of completely excavating this magnificent temple could not be finished this season, but should be completed next year, and the photographs taken will be the only evidence remaining of this site, owing to rapid denudation. These will form a valuable addition to the material already collected during the past four seasons. Work this season, however, was not confined to Kish itself, but a newly discovered site called Jemdet Nazr, sixteen miles to the north-east, yielded unexpectedly remarkable results. It had previously been supposed by Assyriologists that the earliest civilisations of Mesopotamia—including painted pottery and pictographic tablets—would not be found as far north as Kish. However, during this season a large series of complete unbroken painted pots and a still larger number of fragments, together with a number of the earliest pictographic tablets in linear script, as well as many additional valuable museum specimens, were unearthed. . . . The discovery of theriomorphic vases—the first to be found in Mesopotamia—is indeed an interesting one, as it immediately suggests a connection with Anatolia, Susa,

[Continued below.]



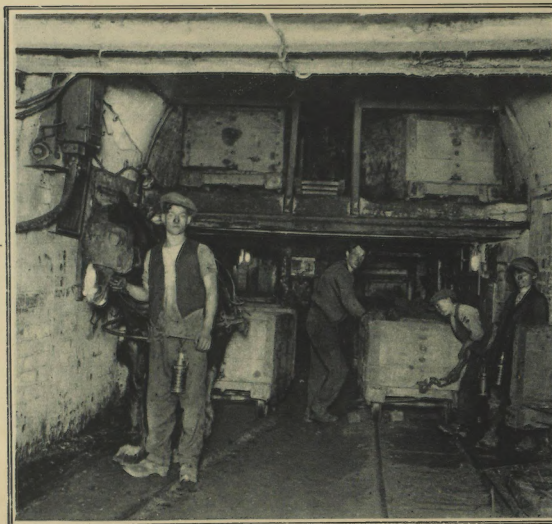
ONE OF THE BEST-PRESERVED BUILDINGS FOUND IN MESOPOTAMIA: THE TEMPLE OF HARSAGKALEMA, WITH MASSIVE WALLS IN PLACES OVER 18 FT. HIGH.

to note the number of amulets in the shape of pigs, which would indicate the importance of this animal. The brickwork at Jemdet Nazr is not plano-convex, as was originally supposed, but the bricks are small and rectangular in shape, and this would, therefore, tend to disprove the old accepted theory that the plano-convex are the earliest. When the museum objects had been packed ready for shipment abroad towards the end of March, work was suspended after an exceptionally successful season."

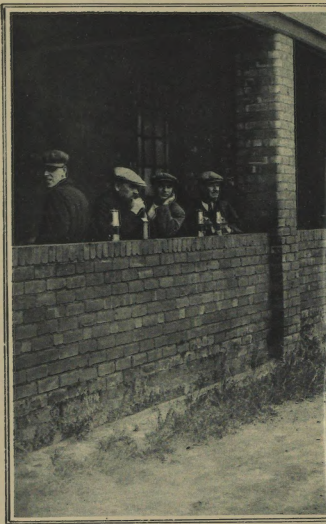
THE COAL STRIKE: MOVEMENTS TOWARDS AN OFFICIAL SETTLEMENT; RESUMPTION OF WORK IN THE MIDLANDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., CENTRAL

PRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND C.N.



WHERE MINERS WHO HAD RESUMED WORK RECEIVED THEIR FIRST PAY FOR OVER SIXTEEN WEEKS ON AUGUST 26: COAL-GETTING AT GRASSMOOR COLLIERY, DERBYSHIRE.



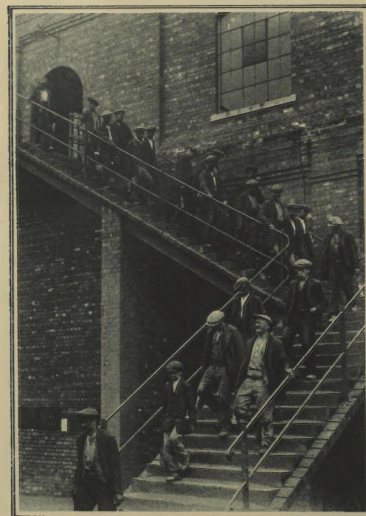
READY TO RESUME WORK: MINERS AT MANSFIELD, ROTT, WAITING PASS BY ON THEIR WAY



FOR THEIR LAMPS TO BE REFILLED, WHILE TWO PIT PONIES TO GO UNDERGROUND.



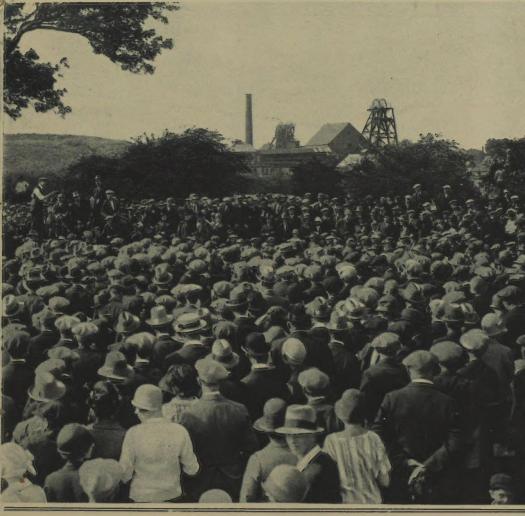
WHERE 5000 TONS OF COAL WERE BROUGHT UP IN ONE DAY RECENTLY BY MEN WHO HAD RESUMED WORK: SCREENING COAL AT ONE OF THE BOLSOVER PITS.



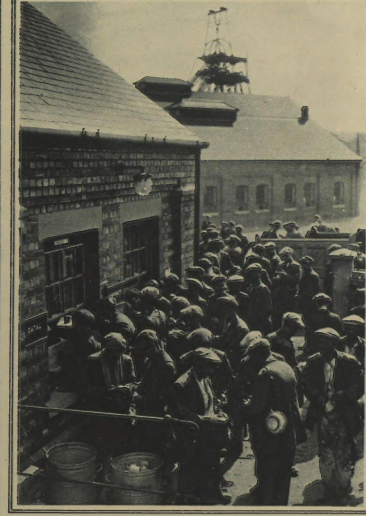
COMING OFF THE FIRST SHIFT THEY HAD WORKED SINCE THE STRIKE BEGAN: MINERS AT CLIPSTONE COLLIERY, MANSFIELD.



DECLAIMING HIS DOCTRINE THAT "BLACKLEGs ARE INDUSTRIAL LEPROS, AND AS SUCH MUST BE ISOLATED" CENTRE BACKGROUND, ADDRESSING A LARGE OPEN-AIR MEETING AT COALVILLE, LEICESTERSHIRE



MR. A. J. COOK, SECRETARY OF THE MINERS' FEDERATION (STANDING ON A CHAIR, IN SHIRT-SLEEVES, WHERE HE SUGGESTED A BALLOT OF MINERS AND THEIR WIVES ON THE QUESTION OF LONGER HOURS.



DRAWING THEIR FIRST PAY SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE STRIKE: MINERS WHO HAD RESUMED WORK AT CLIPSTONE COLLIERY, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

During the past week or so the situation regarding the coal strike has been in a state of fluctuation, but there was a general feeling that the end was approaching. Meanwhile, in the Nottinghamshire area, the flow of men back to work steadily increased, and by August 31 the number of miners working in the Midlands exceeded 30,000. On August 28 the Council of the Nottinghamshire Miners' Association resolved that "if nothing is done nationally this week towards a settlement, the Executive member (Mr. F. B. Varley, M.P.) be authorised to ask the permission of the Federation to pursue negotiations locally." The Miners' Federation issued a manifesto declaring that "it is ready at any moment to discuss the question of wages either with the Government or with the owners," provided "it is satisfied that the reconstruction of the industry on the lines recommended by the Royal Commission is genuinely taken in hand." Mr. A. J.

Cook, the Secretary of the Federation, was for moving rather more quickly, and had published a statement recommending the Executive "to put forward such proposals as will enable the Government to bring the two sides together." Mr. Cook was spending the week-end—August 28-30—in a tour of the Midland coalfields round Tamworth. On the 18th he addressed a large open-air meeting of some 4000 people at Coalville, Leicestershire. Among other things he said: "Blacklegs are industrial lepers, and as such must be isolated." A special meeting of Parliament, to continue the Emergency Act, was held on August 31, when recent incidents between police and pickets in Nottinghamshire came up for discussion. The Executive Committee of the Miners' Federation met on August 30 and decided to summon a delegate conference for September 2. The Committee also conferred with the Labour Party Executive at the House of Commons.

FOSSIL FISHES IN THE LEBANON.

WONDERFUL SPECIMENS FROM LIMESTONE HILLS ONCE THE SEA FLOOR.

By SIR ARTHUR SMITH WOODWARD, F.R.S., Formerly Keeper of the Geological Department, British Museum of Natural History. (See opposite Page.)

FOSSIL fishes are so conspicuous and well preserved in the limestone of at least three localities in Mount Lebanon, Syria, that they must have been noticed from time immemorial. They certainly interested the Crusaders, for in a History of St. Louis, written by de Joinville in 1248, it is stated that

mud or noxious gases, or succumbed to a lowering of temperature—in any case, they were covered with mud soon after death, and thus were well preserved. Where a fossilised fish occurs there is a plane of weakness, so that when a piece of stone is struck it splits readily along this plane and exposes the specimen.

these peculiarities, although their life in the genial realms of the ocean must have been easier. We found many specimens containing as their last meal a large fish more or less doubled up in a distended stomach.

The Lebanon fossils also include other fishes which seem to have been connected with the ancestry of modern fresh-water fishes, such as the salmon and trout tribe. One of the primitive herrings, indeed, common among the fossils, survives almost unchanged in some rivers of Australia and Chile. Another herring-like fish, *Ctenothrissa* (Fig. 5), which no longer exists, is interesting as having had the fins enlarged for gliding through the air like the so-called flying fishes of the present day.

There are also several direct ancestors of the spiny-finned fishes (Figs. 3 and 4), such as perch and mackerel, which are so abundant and varied at the present day, but were only beginning to appear in the chalk period. We found some new forms at Hajula.

The fossil eels from Hajula are especially interesting. The eels of the present day differ from ordinary typical fishes in having neither leg-fins nor a separate tail-fin. The fossils include an ancestor, *Anguillavus* (Fig. 2), in which both these fins are clearly shown. The conclusion, therefore, seems justified that the eels are the wriggling, degenerate descendants of fishes which once swam in the usual way.

Finally, there is a saw-fish, *Sclerorhynchus*, among the fossils from Hajula, in which the teeth on the edge of the long snout are still only simple prickles. Among later fossils from Egypt and Europe we have now several stages between this earliest condition and the completed saw-like snout of the existing saw-fish. They form a striking instance of the gradual evolution of a weapon in the successive members of one and the same group of animals.

The naturalist who studies the fossil fishes of the Lebanon as a whole is perhaps most impressed by the comparatively small change in fish-life which has taken place since the chalk period in which they lived. It must be remembered that at that time the land was occupied almost exclusively by reptiles—the monsters now made familiar by so many published restorations.

The warm-blooded quadrupeds and birds, as we know them to-day, have nearly all come into

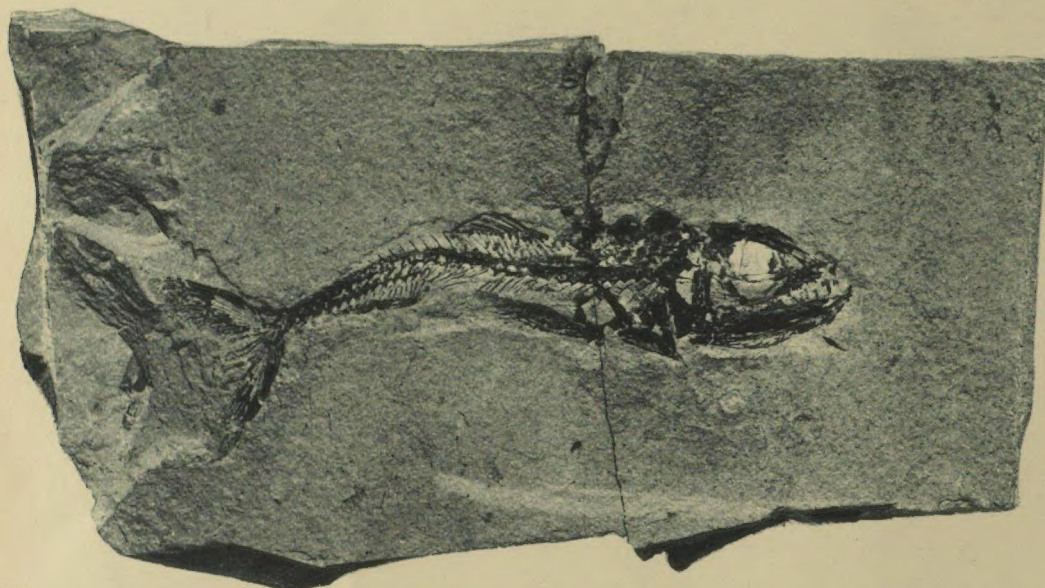


FIG. 1.—CONTAINING A FOSSIL OF *EURYPHOLIS*, A PREDACEOUS FISH WITH LARGE TEETH (NATURAL SIZE): A FRAGMENT OF LIMESTONE FROM THE LEBANON HILLS, ONCE A SEA-BED, AND CONTEMPORARY WITH PART OF THE ENGLISH CHALK.

By Courtesy of Sir Arthur Smith Woodward, F.R.S.

when the king was travelling near Sidon some specimens were brought to him as curiosities. One of these is described as "a stone which split into layers, the most wonderful in the world; for when a layer was lifted up, there was found between the two pieces of stone the form of a sea-fish. The fish was of stone, but it lacked nothing in shape; neither eyes, nor fins, nor colour, nor anything else that it would have if it were alive. The king asked for a piece of stone and found a tench in it, of brown colour, and in every way what a tench should be."

All the localities for the fossil fishes are in the mountains, a few miles north of Beirut, from 1000 ft. to 2000 ft. above the present level of the sea. Two of them, Hakel and Sahel Alma, were well explored during the last century, especially by Professor E. R. Lewis, who made the great collection now in the British Museum. The third locality, Hajula, seems to have been unknown to science until I visited the Lebanon and collected there in 1893. It was first explored by Professor Alfred Ely Day ten years later, and it has just been examined more thoroughly by Professor Day, my wife, and myself. We have obtained upwards of 2000 specimens for the Museum of the American University of Beirut, including several species which are new to science and others which add much to our knowledge.

The little village of Hajula is situated on the sloping end of a valley, which is artificially terraced as usual for the growing of wheat and other crops. The fossil fishes occur almost everywhere on these terraces, and the poor half-wild Metâwileh Mohammedans who inhabit the place are easily induced to help in collecting them. We found, indeed, that after a few days' experience some of these people became skilled in producing the finest and most valuable specimens. Many of the fishes are the same as those already known from Hakel, but a large proportion are peculiar.

The limestones and associated rocks of the Lebanon are the deposits of an old sea-bed, which have been raised by a crumpling of the earth's crust. They are of the same geological age as part of the English chalk, and are filled with fossils nearly similar to those of the latter. The fishes are found in countless thousands in certain layers, and must have been suddenly killed and quickly buried in shoals. They may have been suffocated by

mediate ancestors of the sharks, skates, and bony fishes which flourish in the seas of the present day. Some are almost the same as those still living, and have merely changed their habitat. The fishes represented by the fossils must have lived in comparatively shallow water, as shown by the hardness of their skeletons. Most of their least-altered survivors have retreated to the deep sea, where their skeletons have become flexible. The little skate, *Cyclobatis* (Fig. 6, opposite page), which is common among the fossils, is almost identical with *Dactylobatis*, which is now found only rarely in the deep sea off South Carolina. The Lebanon bony fish, *Eurypholis* (Fig. 1) has at present no representatives in

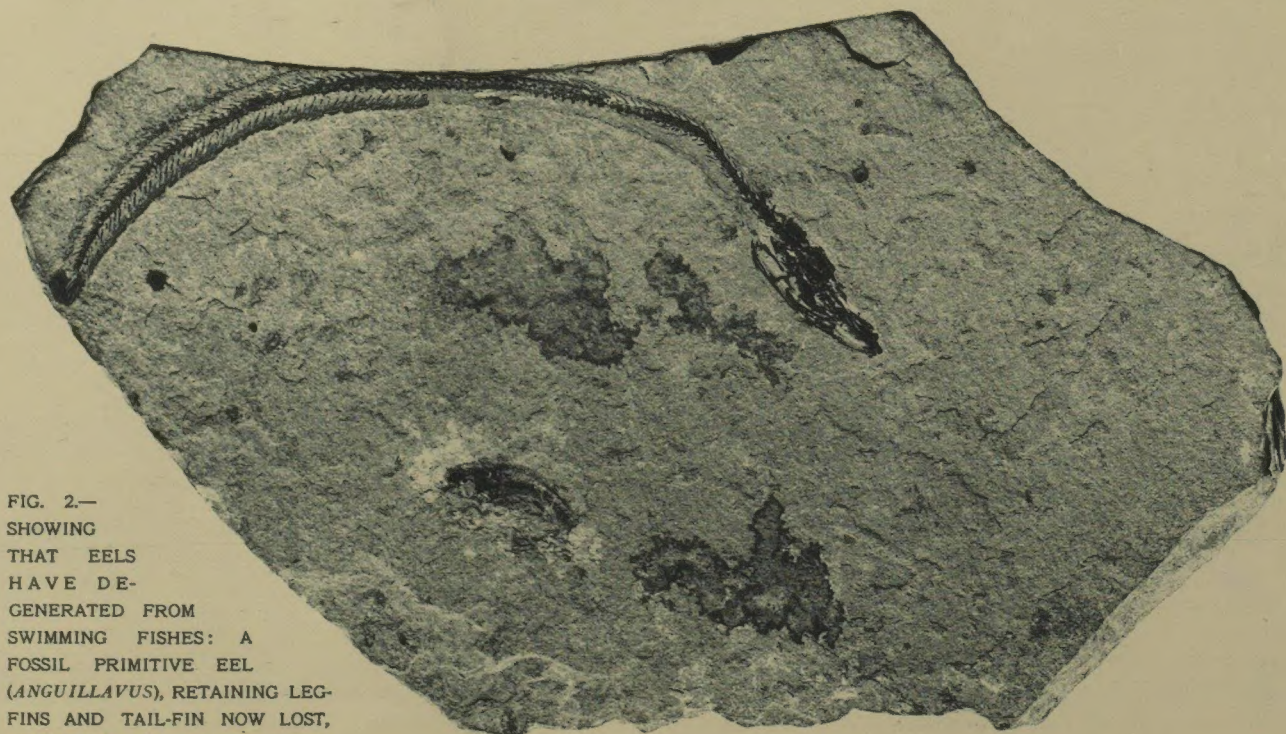


FIG. 2.—SHOWING THAT EELS HAVE DEGENERATED FROM SWIMMING FISHES: A FOSSIL PRIMITIVE EEL (*ANGUILLAVUS*), RETAINING LEG-FINS AND TAIL-FIN NOW LOST, EMBEDDED IN A LIMESTONE FRAGMENT. (NATURAL SIZE.)

By Courtesy of Sir Arthur Smith Woodward, F.R.S.

shallow water, but numerous relations even in the greatest ocean depths. Most of these deep-sea fishes have distensible jaws and stomachs to enable them to swallow large prey on the rare occasions when they have the opportunity of feeding. Some of the fossil fishes from Hajula actually show the beginning of

existence during subsequent ages. Fishes during this interval have merely acquired some finishing touches, and altered in modes of life and relative numbers. The development of spines and other weapons is almost the only feature in which they have progressed.

FISH ANCESTORS PRESERVED IN SYRIAN LIMESTONE: LEBANON FOSSILS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAFFARIAN BROS. BY COURTESY OF SIR ARTHUR SMITH WOODWARD, F.R.S., FORMERLY KEEPER OF THE GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT, BRITISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.
(FOR FIGURE NUMBERS SEE ARTICLE ON THE PRECEDING PAGE.)

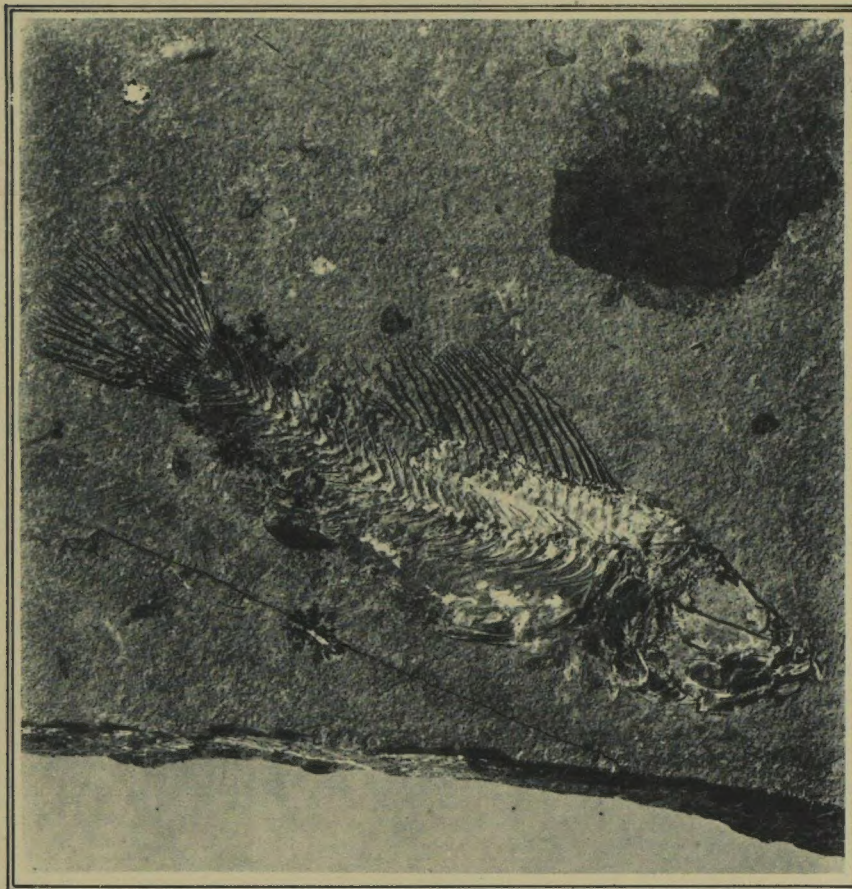


FIG. 3. RELATED TO THE EXISTING SEA BREAMS: A SPINY-FINNED FISH FOSSILISED IN LIMESTONE OF LEBANON HILLS, FORMERLY A SEA-BED. (NATURAL SIZE.)

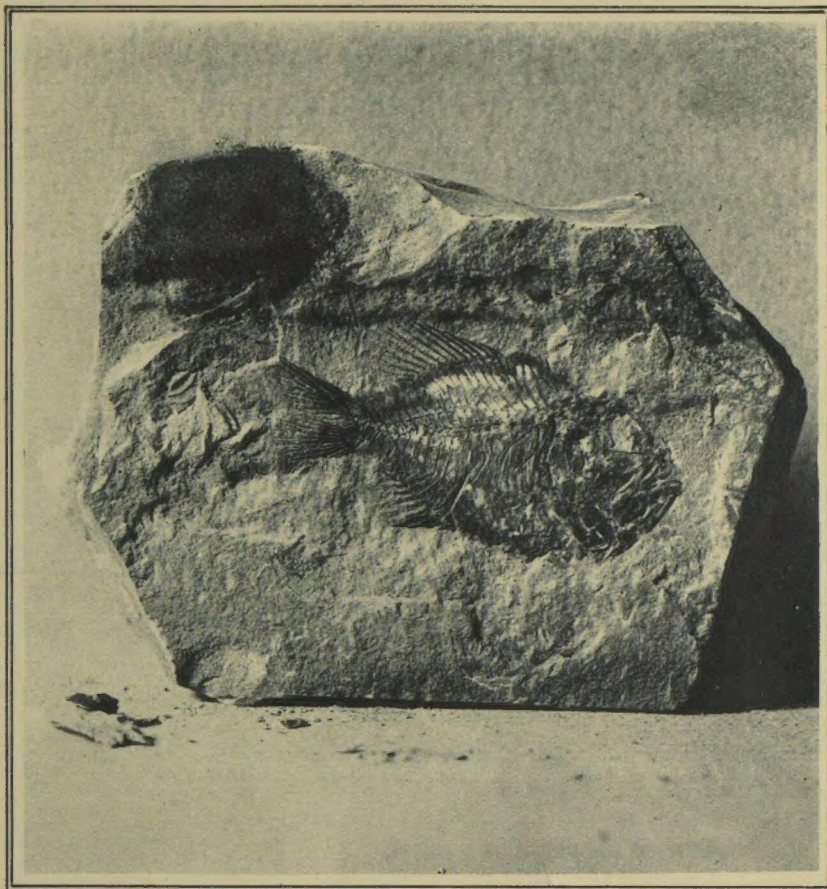


FIG. 4. FROM LIMESTONE DEPOSITS IN THE LEBANON, A SEA-BED IN REMOTE AGES: A SPINY-FINNED FISH THAT HAS MODERN DESCENDANTS. (NATURAL SIZE.)

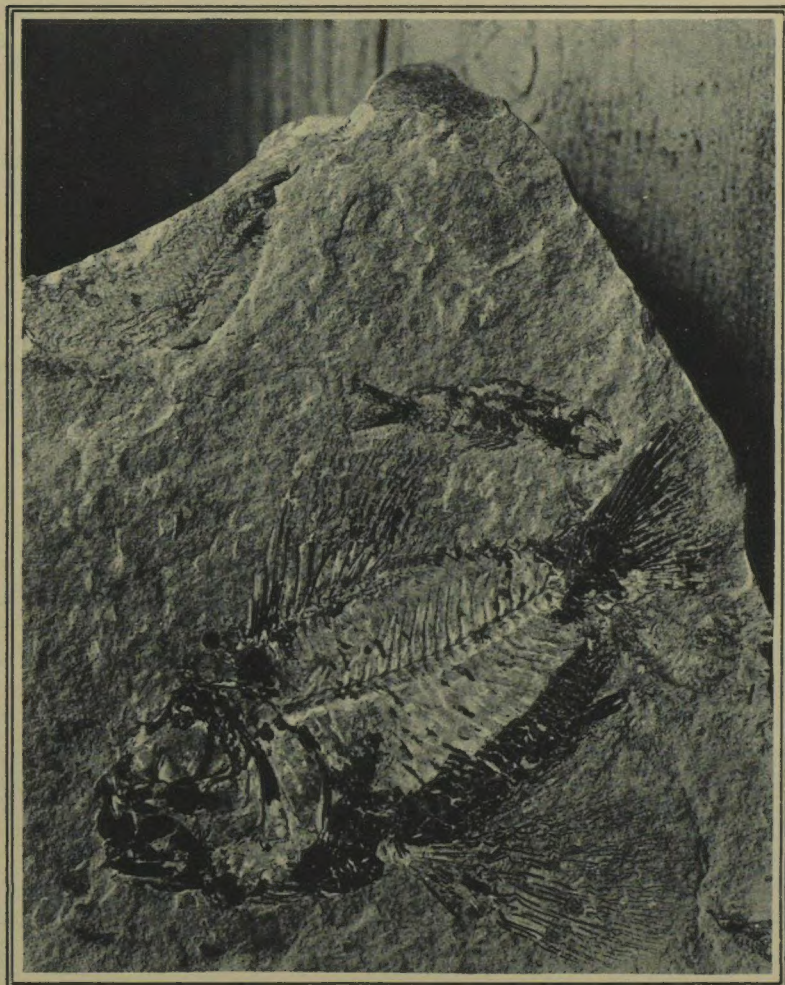


FIG. 5. AN EXTINCT FISH: A FOSSILISED FLYING HERRING (*CTENOTHRIS*) ASSOCIATED WITH REMAINS OF THREE SMALLER FISHES. (NATURAL SIZE.)

The fossil fishes found in the limestone a few miles north of Beirut, in Syria (as Sir Arthur Smith Woodward explains in his article on the opposite page), are so conspicuous and well preserved that they seem to have attracted notice from time immemorial. They are specially mentioned in a description by one of the Crusaders written in 1248. Two localities, Hakel and Sahel Alma, in which they are particularly abundant, were explored during last century. A third locality, Hajula, has been thoroughly examined this year by Professor Alfred Ely Day (of the American University, Beirut) and Sir Arthur Smith Woodward. Over 2000 important specimens, including new genera and species, have been obtained for the Museum of the American University of Beirut. These fossil fishes are of

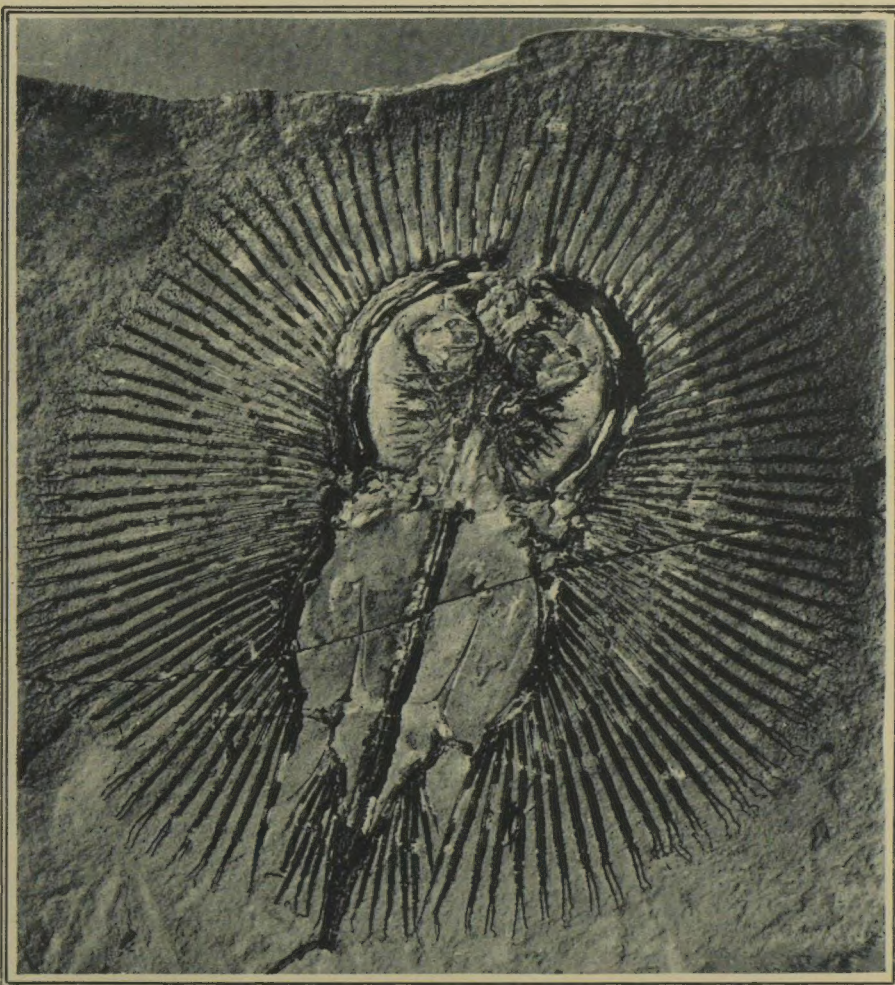


FIG. 6. CLOSELY RELATED TO ONE NOW LIVING IN THE DEEP SEA OFF SOUTH CAROLINA: A FOSSILISED SKATE (*CYCLOBATIS*) FROM THE LEBANON. (NATURAL SIZE.)

the same geological age as the more fragmentary specimens found in the English Chalk, and are important as including the ancestors of the sharks and bonv fishes of the present day. Those of their descendants which have changed least have retreated from active life in the shallower seas and open ocean to the comparative quietude of the ocean depths or fresh-waters. Others have become adapted to modern conditions and still flourish under circumstances of the greatest activity. Our photographs represent a few of the recent discoveries, to be described in detail in a scientific memoir which Sir Arthur Smith Woodward is preparing for publication. The numbers attached to the above illustrations correspond to references in his article.

A "Jacket" Justified: Mrs. Millin on South Africans.

"THE SOUTH AFRICANS." By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN.*

THE love of the publisher for his progeny is so often akin to that of the proud parent descending on virtues visible only to himself that the critical are chary of accepting his swanny stories: they have been introduced to too many geese! It is good, therefore, to be able to say at once that the author now under review justifies her "jacket." On it is written: "'The South Africans' is like no other book about a land or a people. It has its foundation of political, economic, sociological fact; it gives to geography, to geology and to climate the vast importance they have for any commonwealth; but all the time it is more than readable—it is absorbing." Few will challenge this verdict. Mrs. Millin does, in truth, "engross you wholly."

As her title indicates, she is concerned less with the country than with those who live in it and the problems they present, the one to the other. She speaks of the alluring climate—"All the year round one may divert oneself in the open air. . . . And at night there is a clear, living warmth, and stars more than any other world sees stand stark in the sky. All through the year the sun shines unhindered, defining the shapes and colours of things, giving space and distance, so that other continents seem, by comparison, vague and misty." She tells of wonderful tours during which the train is host, of perfect "halts," of village welcomes, of citrus farms, of the great game reserves, and the rest. But for the most part it is the human who commands her attention—the Boer, who is the Afrikaner; the Englishman, who may suffer the disadvantages of a public school education; the Jew, who has to face "the dislike of the unlike"; the Asiatic; the half-caste; and the Kaffir: "A heterogeneous collection of Europeans, an imported and established population of Asiatics, a man-created, rather than a God-created, nation of half-castes, a ghosthood of yellow aboriginals, and a flood—a strong and spreading flood—of dark-skinned African peoples." And a medley to whom the Black-line is as omnipresent as it is in the United States, but less strictly drawn. Which calls for the question: What is a coloured person?

"In the United States a coloured person is anyone from a fair-haired type with a tinge of black blood in him to a full-blooded African. And, at the same time, a Negro is anyone from a full-blooded African to a fair-haired type with a tinge of black blood in him. There is no distinction: a coloured person is a Negro, and a Negro is a coloured person."

"In Virginia, for instance, a man with not more than a sixteenth of Indian blood is classed, for marriage purposes, as a Caucasian. But if a man with the slightest percentage of Negro blood marries a white woman, they may not, legally, live in the State of Virginia."

"But there are divisions in South Africa. In South Africa a coloured person is, officially, a non-European. According to the laws of the land, a Kaffir, a Hottentot, a half-caste, and an Asiatic (except a Syrian), are all coloured people. On the other hand, colour is merely a visual definition. A man is as white as he looks. . . . If a child of mixed blood looks white, and its relations do not unduly obtrude themselves, it may go to a white school, but its darker brother or sister will be refused admission."

"Socially, indeed, South Africa is kinder to the Eurafican than is America. In South Africa a drop of black blood is, if possible—and despite all talk to the contrary—ignored. In America it is hunted out. South Africa, in short, classes with the white any person who can conceivably pass as

white, where America classes with the Negro any person who can conceivably pass as Negro."

There is tolerance, and the eye is the final arbiter. On the other hand, as has already been said, the colour question is the question in South Africa, where that greatest of all black warriors, the Zulu, has become the best of servants, and other Africans, with many an Indian, monopolise unskilled labour.

There is no work for the untutored white; and that is a troublesome factor in the life political and social.

And there are various coloured folk to be considered. "It was only in the eighteenth century, as the whites moved north and the blacks moved south, each wiping away the little aboriginals of the land—the Hottentots and Bushmen—that the great colour clash, whose climax is in the future, began."

"To-day, the children of the race of Tchaka, the king of the Zulus, who once 'ate up' great tracts of Africa, and a million enemies and subjects; of Dingaan, his brother, the Vulture, who murdered the trusting Voortrekkers; of Moselikatzé, who, seceding from Tchaka, swept bare the land across the Vaal, sparing only those weakest of the peoples on whose behalf a missionary had interceded, and

people are responsible for them, and must carry them with us' (or, as Lord Selborne once put it: 'Give the coloured people the benefit of their white blood'), is, in effect, the attitude of General Hertzog to what are still sometimes called the Bastards of South Africa."

In another category are the Cape People, and it must be remembered that "a white man living in the Cape Province may not be referred to as a Cape man. A Cape man is a coloured man. . . . The sons of the bondswomen of the old Cape settlers are a nation to-day: not an accident, a group, a clan, a class, but a nation, a people. They call themselves the Cape people. . . . And these Cape people form almost half the population of Cape Town, and are as one to three to the white inhabitants of the Union. . . . They do not enter the villas of the white, or the kraals of the black. They are despised by each. Yet more strongly than the black despise them do they despise the black. . . ."

But a truce to the colour question, lest it be thought that Mrs. Millin confines herself to that. She has, in fact, much else of interest; for she deals not only with the people but with the background, the diamond adventurers, the gold adventurers, living in South Africa and politics in South Africa. And she is as picturesque as she is keen-sighted and clear-thinking.

As to diamonds, for example: "Up to the year 1870 South Africa had been a land of refuge. . . . Now, suddenly, it became the Mecca of fortune-hunters. . . . Old man du Toit and old man de Beer, who owned the ground on which the diamonds were found, received, respectively, two thousand six hundred pounds and six thousand guineas for their land." That was at Kimberley, the "Aladdin place where the biggest hole in the world supplies the diamonds for nearly all the engagement rings of four continents. . . . That was how Rhodes calculated his chances in diamonds—'why, the engagement rings alone!'. . . ."

And, with diamonds, again, the river diggings, "the final stronghold of individual adventure. . . . On a day comes the mining commissioner, and proclaims the ground a public alluvial diggings. A pistol is fired, and the aspirants race, with pegs bearing their names, and ready pointed for planting in the ground, to the claims of their choice. . . . The alluvial diamonds are found only tens of feet down, where mine diamonds are found steadily through thousands of feet, but they are worth, carat for carat, three times as much as the mine diamonds. . . . hardly any digger ever makes a fortune."

So to gold, with the passing note that there have been remarkable platinum discoveries. Gold, of course, means Johannesburg. "A mile under the ground there are tens and hundreds of thousands of half-naked savages, grunting as they work and work, who have been recruited by agents from far-away kraals. . . . There are a quarter of a million white people and a million black people dependent on the working of the mines. The value of the gold taken out yearly is about forty million pounds. There have been over three thousand miles of ground excavated. . . ."

"There are no things in Johannesburg more wonderful than the mine-dumps; but there are times when they look, not silver-like, but cerement-pale: ghostly. There are times when, in the light of the moon, they seem to be the dead selves, the spirits of the mines—the gold, their life-blood, gone from them—gazing down desolately on the urgent world they have left behind them."

Of such is "The South Africans," presenting the peoples and their peculiarities, their obvious and their subtle differences, their aspirations, their hopes and their despairs, the master and the man, the baas and the boy. It is a revealing book; to repeat the publisher once more: "It is more than readable—it is absorbing."

E. H. G.



THE FIRST MOTHER AND THE CHANNEL: MRS. NEW YORK, WADING ASHORE DOVER—(INSET) A PORTRAIT TELEGRAMS OF

Mrs. Clemington Corson, of New York, swam the Channel on August 27-28 from Cape Grisnez Her time, though longer than (14 h. 13 m.) on August 6, was faster than that of any of the men who had previously achieved the feat—Captain Webb, T. W. Burgess, H. Sullivan, S. Tiraboschi, and Charles Toth. Her husband and her trainer (William Kellingley, of Brighton) landed from one of the boats that accompanied her as she came ashore. Mrs. Corson, who has two children, said later she was very proud to be the first mother to swim the Channel. Among the telegrams of congratulation she received was one from the U.S. battle-ship "Illinois," in which her husband serves with the U.S. Naval Militia. She arranged to visit her mother in Denmark.

Photographs by C.N. and Topical.

challenged the advancing Dutch, and now sits upright in death on the same Matoppo Hills where Rhodes lies; of Moshesh, the Chief of the Mountain, the wise and wily Basuto Chief who knew when to make war and how to make peace, and where to take profit by the mistakes of others, and made primitive chat with Kruger, dismissing contention with the words: 'Well, what shall I say to you? . . . It is just nature.' . . . they are all . . . the charges, the servants, the dependents, the victims, the problems of the white man."

With these, in the eye of the majority, are allied the Indians, those Indians for whom Ghandi fought in Africa until, after an exercise of "Soul Force," embarrassing to the authorities, he left for his native country, there to start non-co-operation. "The Asiatic and the Kaffir: the descendant of nations that cradled all the religions of the civilised world, and the savage of the kraal—it is an ironical association. And the Eurafican, he in whose veins runs the corruption of white and black, he is to be classed with the white man." Thus Mrs. Millin in bitterness, adding: "The half-castes of South Africa, the Euraficans, have suddenly, under the new Government, taken a leap upwards. 'We white

THE STEERAGE SCHOLAR: A NEW FORCE IN THE AMERICAN "INVASION."

DRAWN BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



CROSSING THE ATLANTIC TO STUDY THE OLD WORLD: COLLEGE BOYS AND GIRLS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

Owing to the far-sighted policy of the United States educational authorities, and materially helped by the high value of the dollar, a new type of American visitor to Europe has arisen, and this year has absolutely packed out the less expensive shipping lines and the third class on board the great *de luxe* boats between America and European ports. They are the college students of both sexes from all over the States, teachers, and other seekers of knowledge, encouraged by the U.S. educational authorities and given special facilities by such lines as the Cunard and the Royal Mail—who have this summer been passing into the Old World

from the New. It is as much "the thing" nowadays among students to do the Grand Tour as it is the social ambition of the usual type of travelling American. The steamship companies have filled their old emigrant quarters in the fast ships with this new class of passengers, who manage to see a great deal in a short time and at small expense. The third-class fare to Europe and back is only £35 by some of the largest liners, and this may provide for accommodation in two-berth cabins. The effect in London may be seen by the number of motor-coaches filled with "rubber-necks" accompanied by a guide.—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

RURAL JAPAN: PICTURESQUE TYPES AND PRIMITIVE METHODS IN REMOTE DISTRICTS LITTLE KNOWN TO WESTERN VISITORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY E. A. SALISBURY, FROM EWING GALLOWAY, NEW YORK.



1. WHERE WOMEN TAKE PART IN BUILDING WORK: PREPARING THE FOUNDATIONS FOR A FARM HOUSE IN THE RICE-FIELDS—JAPANESE MEN AND WOMEN OPERATING A HAND-POWER PILE-DRIVING APPARATUS.



2. BUILT OF RICE STRAW: A THATCHED HOUSE IN A RICE-GROWING DISTRICT—SHOWING TYPES OF THE STURDY JAPANESE COUNTRY WOMEN, AND A CART WITH A BALD-HEADED DRIVER.



6. A PADDLE-WHEEL WORKED ON THE TREADMILL: PRINCIPLE: A JAPANESE RICE-FARMER USING A CURIOUS METHOD OF IRRIGATION, FOR FORCING WATER FROM A STREAM UPWARD SO AS TO SPREAD OVER THE RICE-FIELD.



3. IN A COSTUME, WITH A WHITE HEAD-BAND, RATHER SUGGESTIVE OF ARCADIAN SIMPLICITY AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS: A JAPANESE FARMER DRIVING A PRIMITIVE PLOUGH WITH A SINGLE OX, ON A HILL FARM GROWING TOBACCO, WHEAT, BARLEY, AND SOYA BEANS.



4. WOMEN AS BURDEN-BEARERS: (LEFT) THE COMMON BASKET; (RIGHT) A GIGI (TO THE TOP OF WHICH THE LOAD IS STRAPPED) THAT CAN BE STOOD ON ITS OWN LEGS WHILE THE CARRIER RESTS.



5. THE "PAGODA" SHAPE AND THE "INVERTED BOWL" SHAPE: TWO VARIETIES OF STRAW SUN-HATS WORN BY WOMEN IN THE SOUTHERN PARTS OF JAPAN.



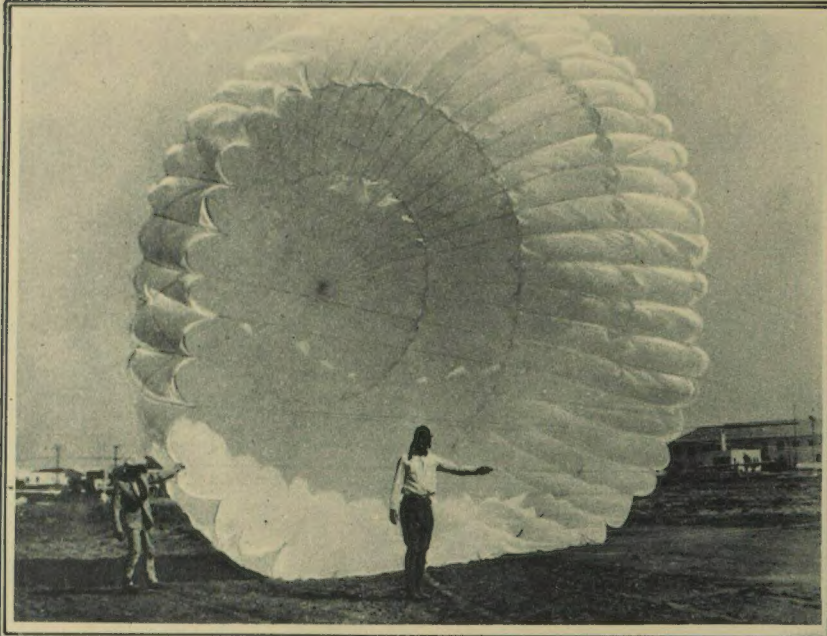
7. CARRYING HIS LOAD SLUNG FROM THE ENDS OF A POLE RESTING ON HIS SHOULDER: AN ELDERLY RICE-FARMER AT WORK IN HIS PADDY-FIELD AT HARVEST TIME—A TYPE OF THE JAPANESE PEASANTRY IN THE REMOTER DISTRICTS.

Japanese life in the larger cities and popular resorts is familiar to many Western visitors, and to still more Western readers, through the medium of books and the Press. The life of the countryside in the remoter districts of Japan, however, is not so well known, and these picturesque photographs, taken in places seldom visited by Europeans or Americans, are therefore unusually interesting. A few further notes on the illustrations may be added from the descriptions supplied: (1) The soil is silt right up to the roadways, and, before building a house on the soft ground, piles must be driven to prevent it from sinking. Little space is given to houses and yards, because tillable land is scarce and the country is over-populated. (2) The thatched house at the road-side is built of rice straw. (3) The price of a modern American plough would seem like a fortune to an average Japanese farmer, but in intensified farming the Japanese are far more skilful than even the Italians or the Belgians. (4) In rural Japan many women do pack-horse service. The one on the left has the

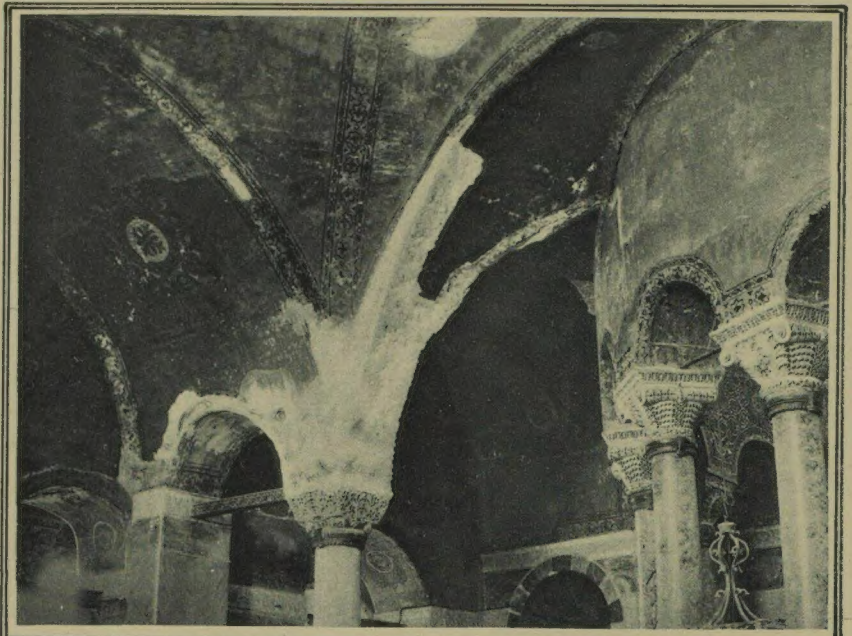
familiar basket; the one on the right a *gigi*, a sort of frame which can be stood on its own legs while the burden-bearer rests. The load is always strapped on the upper end of the *gigi*. (5) These straw hats are used in the south of Japan. Some districts are extremely hot in summer, while the higher altitudes in the north are mild in summer and extremely cold in winter. (6) A Japanese rice-farmer is seen operating his own treadmill. The paddle-wheel revolves through a narrow box, and the paddles, being the same width, force the water upward so that it runs out over the rice patch. Japan is ultra-modern in warfare and commerce, but rural life is generally as primitive as it was before the old régime opened its doors to modern civilisation. (7) Japan lives mainly on rice and fish, although wheat, beans, and other food crops are grown. The farming is all done intensively, land being very scarce. The country is mostly mountainous.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, TOPICAL, C.N., L.N.A., AND CENTRAL PRESS.



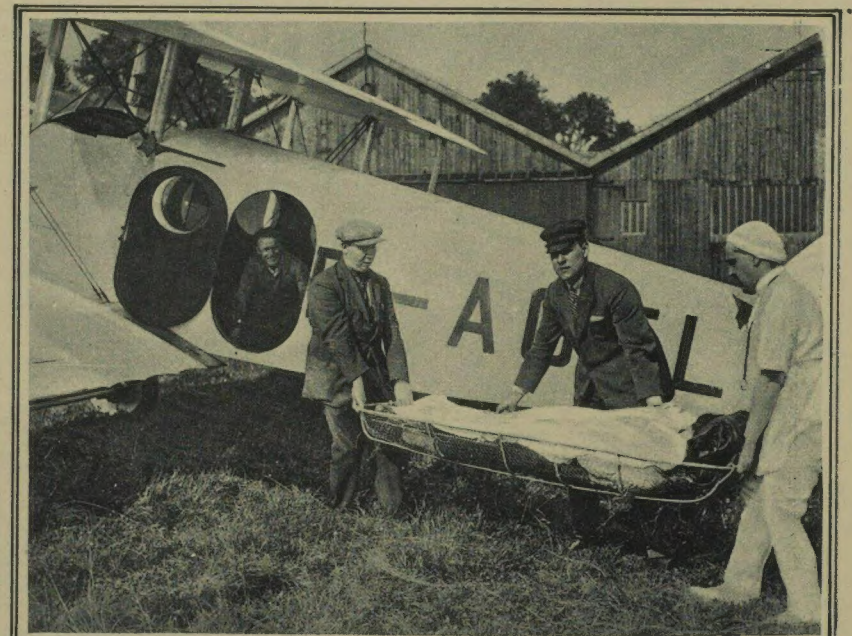
SUCCESSFULLY TESTED FOR BRINGING AN AEROPLANE SAFELY TO EARTH: A NEW TYPE OF PARACHUTE INVENTED BY AN AMERICAN NAVAL MAN.



A FAMOUS MOSQUE IN DISREPAIR: ARCHES UNDER THE DOME OF ST. SOPHIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE, WITH DECORATION AND BRICKWORK DECAYED BY RAIN.



A "PULLMAN" TRAM: THE NEW AND LUXURIOUS TYPE OF CAR LATELY INTRODUCED ON THE L.C.C. TRAMWAYS SYSTEM.



A PLAN FOR FLYING TO THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT TO PERFORM URGENT OPERATIONS: DR. BOUCHON (R.) DEMONSTRATING HIS NEW OPERATING HAMMOCK.



THE IRISH PILGRIMAGE TO THE BATTLEFIELDS: A MEMORIAL CROSS TO THE 16TH IRISH DIVISION UNVEILED BY MARSHAL JOFFRE AT GUILLEMONT.

A large parachute for breaking the fall of an aeroplane, invented by Mr. Harry Douchett, chief machinist's mate in the United States Navy, was successfully tested recently at the Inglewood air port, Los Angeles, by Mr. R. C. Oelze, a pilot of the U.S. Naval Reserve. He ascended 2500 ft., shut off his engine, and released the parachute. The aeroplane landed 67 seconds later 3½ miles from the starting-point, the only damage being a broken under-carriage and snapped propeller-blade.—The roof of the dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople is in a bad condition, and rain filtering through has destroyed decoration and weakened brickwork on the arches inside. Repairs have been undertaken.—Dr. Jean



PRESENT AT THE GUILLEMONT UNVEILING: MEN OF THE JERSEY (CHANNEL ISLANDS) COMPANY OF THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS WHO SERVED ON THE SOMME IN 1916.

Bouchon, a noted French surgeon, has devised a plan for avoiding the often fatal delay in conveying victims of accidents to hospital for medical treatment. He has invented an operating hammock that may be brought by a doctor in an aeroplane and used on the spot for urgent cases. The patient would then be taken home in the hammock by air.—During the Irish pilgrimage to the battlefields of France and Flanders, a memorial cross was unveiled by Marshal Joffre, at Guillemont, recaptured from the Germans by the 16th Irish Division. At Thiépval a wreath was laid on the memorial to the 36th (Ulster) Division—a tribute from the Roman Catholic South of Ireland to the Protestant North.

A REVOLUTION IN LONG-DISTANCE "WIRELESS": THE BEAM SYSTEM.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LTD.



OF INTEREST IN CONNECTION WITH THE NATIONAL RADIO EXHIBITION: BEAM TRANSMISSION AND RECEPTION.

When Mr. Marconi first startled the world with the wonders of short-wave or "beam" wireless transmission and reception, the advantages of this new invention—the saving in power required over ordinary long-distance wireless transmission, and the cheapening of long-distance wireless telegraphy—were quickly realised. To-day the system has been further developed, and very shortly operating stations will be at work. Whereas formerly a reflector consisting of a number of vertical wires reflecting upon the single aerial was used, to-day there are a vast number of aerials with an equal number of reflectors spaced about a quarter of a wave-length between each aerial and its reflector wire. The little illustration

of the light reflector gives a rough idea of how it operates. One station can transmit or receive from various parts of the world when placed to face in the right direction. Bodmin, the new transmitting station, now nearly completed, sends messages to South Africa and Canada, while Bridgwater receives from these widely separated regions. Ultimately there will be a station at Dorchester communicating with New York, Buenos Ayres, and Rio de Janeiro, and a receiving station at Somerton, near Yeovil. Grimsby will connect with Poona (India), and Skegness with Melbourne (Australia). The National Radio Exhibition will be open at Olympia from September 4 to 18.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SOME NOTABLE FISHES OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE Norfolk Broads, my present Paradise, present irresistible attractions for large numbers of my fellow-countrymen. Some evidently come for the yachting, some for fishing, but, so far as I can glean, few are interested, at any rate seriously, in the natural history of this area of England. Yet it is one of striking character, both on account of

it is also to be noted, are those of the Arctic and Antarctic seas.

The geographical distribution of the burbot is also noteworthy. It occurs, in this country, only in the rivers flowing into the North Sea, from Durham to Norfolk. It is found in the fresh waters of Europe—according to Mr. C. Tate Regan, our greatest authority on all that concerns fishes—except the Iberian Peninsula and Greece; and ranges throughout Siberia into North America, where it is found in the region of the Great Lakes, and northwards.

Throughout this great range, while it shows enormous differences in the matter of size, it displays, apparently, but little difference in the matter of its coloration, which is yellowish, greyish, brownish, or greenish, possibly according to sex and age, and spotted or marbled with dark brown or black on the back and

fin, and has a relatively large eye, a short, blunt snout, nine, rarely eight, or ten branched rays in the dorsal fin, and from nineteen to twenty-four branched rays in the anal fin. It attains to about a foot in length and a weight of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

It is found in shoals, often in company with roach or rudd, in lakes or sluggish rivers. During the summer it haunts the shallower water, feeding on or near the bottom; insects, worms, small shell-fish, and weeds forming its diet. To the angler it affords but poor sport, allowing itself to be drawn out of the water, when hooked, without even the feeblest resistance. Although described as greedy, yet it is always lean and bony, and the flesh is of but poor quality. One would like to know *why*, being greedy, it is always "lean and bony." Here is a problem worth investigation.

And now as to the common bream (Fig. 3). This, when adult, is of a greenish or brownish hue with a golden sheen. Immature specimens can be distinguished from those of the white bream by the fact that the snout is more pointed and the eye smaller, while the lower lobe of the tail is conspicuously longer than the upper.

Further, the dorsal fin has nine, rarely eight, or ten branched rays, and the anal fin from twenty-three to twenty-nine branched rays. Unknown in northern Scotland and western Wales, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, it is particularly abundant in the Norfolk Broads. The fact



FIG. 1.—THE ONLY FRESH-WATER REPRESENTATIVE OF THE COD FAMILY: THE BURBOT, OR EEL-POUT, WHOSE DIMENSIONS VARY ENORMOUSLY IN DIFFERENT REGIONS.

The Burbot, or Eel-pout, one of our rarer British fishes, is confined to our eastern rivers, and shows an astonishing range in the matter of size. Our native fish do not exceed a weight of three pounds; but in Alaska a weight of as much as sixty pounds has been recorded.

its plants as well as its animal life. Just now I want to say something of what are often called the "Broadland" fishes; though in this term I propose to include those of the rivers as well.

The most remarkable of these is known as the "Burbot," or "Eel-pout." It is also one of the rarest; and it seems to have grown still more scarce during the last twenty years. It is a very singular fish, and the only fresh-water representative of the Cod family. As will be seen in the adjoining illustration (Fig. 1), there is a suggestion of the eel about it; hence, probably, its name, "Eel-pout," a name evidently derived from the Saxon *Aele-puta*; while the name Burbot is said to come from the old French *Bourbotte*—modern French, *Barbote*.

Like the eel, it is practically scale-less, the skin being protected by a thick layer of slime; and its mode of swimming, too, is eel-like. Its haunts are near the bottom, in deepish water, where it lies in wait among the weeds, or in holes under the banks among the roots of trees, for any little fishes which unsuspectingly come its way. At night it sallies forth on serious hunting, displaying considerable voracity, as is shown by the fact that a case is on record of a burbot of $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches long which had swallowed a pike of more than half its own length. It is also a great spawn-eater.

The breeding season extends from January to March, and during this time burbot assemble in shoals. For the most part, for this purpose, they choose the shallows; but some, at least of the larger fish, seem to prefer the deeper water. The eggs are very small, and are deposited on the bottom. They hatch out in about three weeks, but the fry grow but slowly, attaining to a length of about four inches during the first year, and it is not till they are about four years old that they become sexually mature.

In this country the burbot rarely exceeds a weight of 3 lb. and a length of 2 feet; but on the Continent specimens double this size have been recorded. And here we touch on a peculiarly interesting aspect of fish-life, for the burbot, like some other species, shows an enormous range in this matter of size: in the Arctic regions it may attain to a weight of as much as 60 lb. Specimens of this weight have been taken in Alaska. Land animals show no such range of variation as this; and so far no satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon is forthcoming. It may be that food is more plentiful, or that the colder water is more favourable to their growth in Polar regions. The largest whales,

sides, shading on the under parts into white or pale yellow. Since fish are notoriously variable in coloration, which is largely determined by the coloration of the bottom of the stream in which they live, no great importance can be placed on slight differences in hue.

After the burbot, perhaps the most interesting of the fishes of the Norfolk Broads is the bream, of which there are two species—the common or carp bream and the white or silver bream. Immature examples of these two are sufficiently alike to be mistaken the one for the other; and, furthermore, present a common likeness sufficiently distinct from the adult stages to cause them to be regarded by fishermen as representing a separate species, the "bream-flat."

The white bream (Fig. 2), though enjoying an extensive range in Europe, with us is confined to eastward rivers, from Yorkshire to Suffolk. The fact that it is nowhere regarded as plentiful in this country is perhaps largely accounted for by the confusion which exists as to the difference

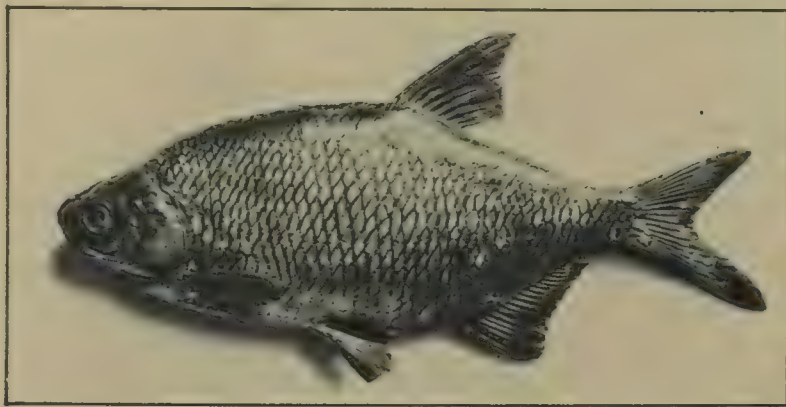


FIG. 2.—GREEDY, BUT ALWAYS "LEAN AND BONY": THE WHITE BREAM, ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING FISHES OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

The White Bream is possibly more common than is generally supposed, for it seems often to be mistaken for a specimen of an immature Common Bream. Though reputed a voracious fish, it never attains to a great size.

that it is also common in Ireland is noteworthy, since it possesses a very direct bearing on ancient land connections between the "Emerald Isle" and Great Britain.

In regard to size, it far exceeds its silvery relative, recalling the burbot in its great range of weight. Though in our waters a fish of 8 or 9 lb. is considered large, there is a record of a 17-lb. fish from the Trent; but a still greater size is attained in Continental waters, whence they are fished for food. But in this country, I fancy, it is rarely eaten, though Izaak Walton tells us that this "large and stately fish" is commonly "as fat as a hog." It is a sociable creature, swimming in large shoals. On warm days they may be seen basking, motionless, on the surface of the water, though, as a rule, they keep to the bottom, and in fairly deep water, feeding on insect larvae and weeds.

Hybrids, it should be noted, between the bream and the roach are not rare, and crosses between the bream and the rudd are also on record. In Lough Erne such hybrids seem to occur with some frequency, though it is not known whether these are fertile. This raises a question of some importance in regard to the problem of the origin of species. The roach and the rudd, the tench and the carp, are other noteworthy inhabitants of these waters which I would fain have described, but no space is now left me further than to say of the carp that it is not, strictly speaking, a native of these islands, having been introduced, possibly, during the fourteenth century, though it is now widely distributed—thanks, probably, to the monasteries. The Crucian carp, a much smaller, indigenous species, is rare in England, and confined to the Thames and its tributaries; and the eastern counties.

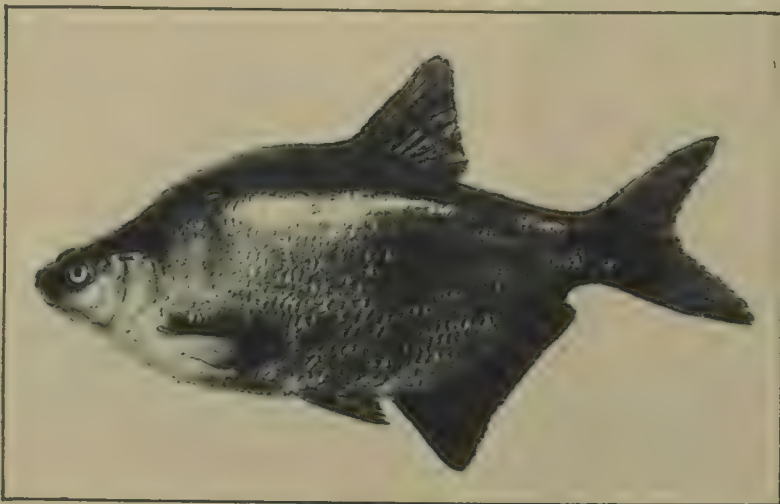


FIG. 3.—ABUNDANT IN THE NORFOLK BROADS AND IRISH WATERS—A SIGN OF ANCIENT LAND CONNECTIONS: THE COMMON BREAM.

The Common Bream may readily be distinguished, at all ages, by its much longer anal fin, the hindmost fin on the under side of the body. Further, it will be noticed that this fin approaches nearer to the pelvic fin, answering to the hind-limb of land animals, than in the White Bream, which also has a relatively larger eye.

between it and young common bream. Be it noted, then, that the white bream, or silver bream, as its name implies, is of a silvery white, with greyish

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XXIV.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)

*Toto and Fay.**"Oh, don't fuss, Toto."**Toto is aroused by the roaring of a Cassowary, which he mistakes for the challenge of a rival.**The Cassowary roaring.**"I wish he wouldn't make that noise."**Toto will protect Fay at all costs.**Toto will never desert his Fay.*

J.A.S.

"I WILL ROAR YOU LIKE ANY LION": THE CASSOWARY DECEIVES TOTO INTO CHALLENGING A SUPPOSED RIVAL.

"As we were gazing on the domestic felicities of 'Toto' and 'Fay,'" writes Mr. Shepherd, "'Toto' suddenly sprang awake, fierce and astonished. In the air, away from the Ostrich House, there came the rumbling roar of a lion—a challenge without a doubt. 'Toto,' so we imagined, accepted the challenge—a noble protector of his spouse—and silenced his rival. Later our curiosity took us to the Ostrich House. 'Yes, the roaring came from here,' answered the keeper. 'It was the Cassowary'; and at a gesture from him the bird kindly gave a demon-

stration of his roaring powers—a remarkable performance, astonishingly like the roaring of a lion—exactly like it, 'Toto' in toto, one might say. 'Toto,' the Nairobi lion, is not quite as young as he once was—he has lost the tip of his tail, including the tuft. He is quite a good old lion in his way, but, being bottle-nosed and out of shape, he lacks the appearance of majesty. He is a lion one could pat—his keeper often does so. Not so 'Fay,' the Indian lioness. We know of no spouse in the 'Zoo' less in need of a protector. But she is tolerant with 'Toto.'"

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHILE more favoured folk are after partridges, my first September book "shoot" has produced a very mixed bag. I have brought down a fair number of "birds," but they are not all "birds of a feather." To speak no more in sporting parables, there are so many books demanding attention that I must be a little short with them, if they are to be noticed at all, seeing that my space is limited and the autumn publishing season is upon us, bringing yet more books, as plentiful as partridges. Nor does the present batch lend itself much to classification; they will rather form a study in contrasts—or at any rate, in abrupt transitions.

I lead off with the one that interests me most—"THE LETTERS OF MARY NISBET, COUNTESS OF ELGIN," arranged by Lieutenant-Colonel Nisbet Hamilton Grant, illustrated (John Murray; 18s. net). It interests me for several reasons—the vivacious character of Lady Elgin, as expressed in her charmingly misspelt letters (mostly to her mother); the pictures she gives of lavish diplomatic hospitalities in Turkey, where Lord Elgin was Ambassador; and of her experiences in Napoleonic France, where she and her husband were later "interned," in 1803; and, above all, the story of the removal from the Parthenon of the Elgin Marbles—so named after this British Ambassador, who saved them from destruction and had them shipped to England, to repose in the British Museum.

Lady Elgin herself took a hand in the game, and she describes delightfully how, in Lord Elgin's temporary absence, she used feminine wiles to persuade certain reluctant ship's officers to get on with the good work. "I am now satisfied," she writes to her husband, "of what I always thought—which is, how much more women can do, if they set about it, than men." At the Turkish Court "Ambassadress Poll," as she was called, attended State functions in male attire, disguised as a dragoman. At Naples she met Nelson and Lady Hamilton, on whom she makes some caustic comments.

The fact that there is a chapter entitled "A Christian Parthenon" in a book by a living ex-Premier of France might seem to afford a link with Lady Elgin's memoirs, but really the link is rather thin. The book in question is "AMID THE FORESTS OF NORMANDY," by Edouard Herriot, translated by John Heron Lepper, with sixteen illustrations (Cassell; 10s. 6d. net). M. Herriot, who writes with an intimate knowledge of history and a deep feeling for local tradition, has decided views on the aesthetics of architecture, and falls foul of Ruskin. In the chapter above mentioned he dwells on the classicism of Norman cathedrals, such as those of Coutances, Lisieux, or Séez. "What I admire at Coutances," he says, "as at the foot of the Parthenon at Athens, is intelligence placing for a moment its unchanging laws at the service of a creed."

M. Herriot discusses the Renaissance and the French Revolution as they affected this part of Normandy, especially Caen, its "capital," and tells at considerable length the story of Charlotte Corday, "the Norman Judith." In this connection he records an interesting personal discovery. "In August 1924," he writes, "one week-end in London, chance let me re-discover the order committing Charlotte Corday to prison, bearing that tragic date, July 13, 1793; since then this document has found a resting-place in a glass case in our National Archives." I should like to know exactly where he found it. He evidently has a *flair* for such discoveries, indicated by his desire to search the old church of St. Etienne at Caen for the work of a bygone architect.

It is not a far cry, geographically speaking, from M. Herriot's book to "A WAYFARER IN SWITZERLAND," by James F. Muirhead, with twenty-four illustrations and an end-paper map (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net). We realise the contiguity when Mr. Muirhead, correcting a popular misconception, points out that Mont Blanc belongs to France, and that "if we consider the mountain in the figure of a Colossus, Switzerland could not claim more than the toes of one foot." Mr. Muirhead's book is a welcome addition to an excellent series. He, too, is interested in history, but still more in the present life of Switzerland—her arts and

industries, while not neglecting scenery and sport. He tells a good story about the ex-Kaiser which is short enough to quote. "The Swiss are excellent rifle-shots. . . . In 1912 Emperor William of Germany, on asking a Swiss sharpshooter what the 200,000 Swiss could do against 400,000 invaders, was answered: 'In that case, we should each have to fire twice!'"

Crossing the Channel after these Continental excursions, we find ourselves on home ground in "THE PLACE-NAMES OF BEDFORDSHIRE AND HUNTINGDONSHIRE," by A. Mawer and F. N. Stenton, Vol. III, of the English Place-Name Society (Cambridge University Press; 18s. net; or 21s. net with "THE CHIEF ELEMENTS USED IN ENGLISH PLACE-NAMES," described as an "essential companion" of the volume). This work is not so much history as material for history, scientifically analysed and arranged. It is a monument of industrious erudition, and represents the co-operation of many local antiquaries. Apart from a short introduction on the historical evidence of the place-names, in a region whose recorded history "begins with the annal for 571 in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," the bulk of the work is in tabular form, giving the sources of each name (with its date) on a closely compressed system of abbreviations. Much unpublished matter has been used, and there are folding maps of the two counties in an end-pocket.

The English Place-Name Survey proposes to cover the whole of England, county by county. Vol. I. was introductory, and Vol. II. dealt with Buckinghamshire. Judging by the present work, the whole scheme will involve infinite

"Old Beautiful" here

means old and beautiful things, for Mr. Rohan is a dealer in antiques. His "Confessions of a Dealer" was the origin of Mr. H. A. Vachell's story, "Quinney's," and the new book also reveals a personality akin to that genial character. Mr. Rohan is in love with his work, and he seeks to impart to others the joys of collecting—not the rapacity of the millionaire, but the rapture of the enthusiast. He likes to find a "good home" for the things he sells, as one would for a kitten or a puppy. It is the most attractive book of its kind that I have come across, and mingled with the anecdotes and sentiment is much technical lore.

Sailing-ships are both old and beautiful, and so there is a kindred atmosphere of devotion to the antique in "TALES OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS," by C. Fox Smith, with a frontispiece by Phil W. Smith (Methuen; 5s. net). The book contains six stories of varying length, picturing in racy style the life of old-time sailors. The first and longest tale, "The Last Voyage of the *Maid of Athens*," shows, with rich humour and pathos, the love of an old skipper for his ship—a love almost passing the love of women. Mr. Fox Smith does for the clipper what W. W. Jacobs has done for the barge.

There is an immemorial connection between navigation and astronomy, so it is not incongruous, I feel, to turn now to a work entitled "THE WONDER AND THE GLORY OF THE STARS," by Professor George Forbes,

F.R.S. (Ernest Benn; 8s. 6d. net). The book is the outcome of some two hundred lectures delivered during the last twenty-two years at the Royal Technical College in Glasgow. The author's guiding motive, he tells us, was to familiarise his audience with the heavenly bodies, by teaching them to recognise the stars and constellations, and to take delight in the wonderful discoveries associated with them. The lectures "do not aim at teaching the whole subject of astronomy, but rather at increasing the enjoyment and the wonder felt by everyone on a starry night." The last two of seventeen chapters give an account of present-day speculation regarding the origin of the universe.

Apart from its awe-inspiring fascination, the study of the stars is, I think, of the utmost value in teaching us a sense of proportion and the comparative littleness of human affairs in the scheme of the universe. Professor Forbes writes with that sense of reverence that characterises the true scientist. "Without personal devotion," he says, "no man can become a real astronomer. There is always something lacking in the man who makes use of the Queen of Sciences for his own advancement,

or the quibble for priority of discovery. The heavens declare the glory of God. The observatory shows the handiwork of man. Further, it shows the almost godlike humility and perseverance of astronomers who, with incredible precision of measurement and the absolutely accurate reasoning by mathematical processes, go on from truth to truth in the interpretation of the wonders of creation." But the astronomer has not yet solved the riddle of the universe. As Professor Forbes quotes at the end of his book, "In cosmogony we know nothing at all for certain."

What is known about the facts of the universe, as distinct from its origin, is told concisely, at the outset, in "THE ADVENTURE OF MAN": A Brief History of the World, by F. Crossfield Haggard, D.S.O., M.A., History Master at the Perse School and Lecturer in Principal Subjects (History), University of Cambridge, illustrated (Christophers; 4/6 net). He begins by recalling those unimaginable distances and dimensions that have so dwarfed the stature of man; the fact that our sun is only a minor one among countless other suns which we call the stars; that the nearest star is 250,000 times our distance from the sun (90,000,000 miles), and the Milky Way 250,000,000 times as far. Thus the author sets his stage in due proportion for the Lilliputian pageant of human history. His book is an "outline" on a smaller scale than that of Mr. H. G. Wells. It was originally written for students, but it will appeal, I think, to a far wider public, now that we all want to gain some general and coherent knowledge of the past.

C. E. B.



A CATHEDRAL FRONT AS A STAGE SETTING: "EVERYMAN" AS PRESENTED AT THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL—THE DEVIL FINDS HIS WAY BARRED BY FAITH AND GOOD WORKS.

During the dramatic festival at Salzburg, in Austria, which is growing in importance every year as an "art market," the annual performance of "Everyman" (staged by Max Reinhardt) took place outside the Cathedral front. In wet weather it is given in the Festspielhaus. The Devil (the only important character to enter through the audience) is here seen coming to fetch Everyman, but Faith and Good Works bar his way while Everyman is receiving the sacrament within. Among British notabilities attending the festival were Lady Diana Cooper, Miss Iris Trée, Sir John Foster Fraser, and Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Dukes. Max Reinhardt also produced "Turandot" and Goldoni's comedy, "The Servant of Two Masters." Other productions included "The Bat," "Don Juan," "Seraglio," and "Ariadne in Naxos."

labour and research. A lighter form of local study, more adapted to the capacities of the unlearned, is represented by a little book called "PEAKLAND HUMOURS," by William Platt (Folk Press, Ltd.; 1s.). It is a collection of amusing anecdotes about the folk who dwell in the wilder parts of the Derbyshire Peak district.

In books about mediæval life, it is the human side that most appeals to the general reader, and this element is strong in "THE HOME OF THE MONK," an account of English Monastic Life and Buildings in the Middle Ages, by the Rev. D. H. S. Cranage, Litt.D., F.S.A., illustrated (Cambridge University Press; 6s. net). I remember dimly having an interview with the author, years ago, when he was in charge of an official appointments bureau at Cambridge. I did not get one, but I bear him no grudge for that: doubtless I had only myself to blame. The recollection has lent added interest, for me, to his admirable little book, which is beautifully illustrated.

When I first saw the title of "OLD BEAUTIFUL," by Thomas Rohan, with twenty-three illustrations (Mills and Boon; 10s. 6d. net), I thought it might be somebody's nickname, or a form of address like "old silly" or "young ugly." It is not that. I do not know whether it is merely a fanciful phrase, or a quotation. The nearest to it I can remember is the line—

Or in old marble ever beautiful.

The title is conceived in the same spirit, and, anyhow, it is effective as a new "derangement of epitaphs."

BRITISH GAME BIRDS AND THEIR HAUNTS: HARRISON WATER-COLOURS.

FROM THE WATER-COLOURS BY J. C. HARRISON, EXHIBITED AT THE VICARS GALLERIES, 12, OLD BOND STREET. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING SEASON BEGINS: "PASSING OVER"—A CHARMING LANDSCAPE WITH A COVEY OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT, BY J. C. HARRISON.



"WOODCOCK": ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF J. C. HARRISON, THE WELL-KNOWN PAINTER OF BRITISH GAME BIRDS IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS.

CASTLES FROM THE AIR: SCENES OF SUMMER HOLIDAY PILGRIMAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AEROFILMS, LTD., THE LONDON AERODROME, HENDON.



BUILT BY
EDWARD I. IN 1284
AND BESIEGED
TWICE DURING
THE CIVIL WAR:
CONWAY CASTLE—A
MAJESTIC MEDIEVAL
FORTRESS AT THE
MOUTH OF THE
CONWAY, IN
WALES.



WHERE HENRY V.
RECEIVED THE
EMPEROR SIGISMUND.
AND IMPRISONED
HIS STEPMOTHER
FOR WITCHCRAFT:
LEEDS CASTLE,
KENT—SHOWING
THE ANCIENT
KEEP, OR
GLORINETTE, AT THE
FAR END, AND
(NEXT) MODERN
BUILDINGS IN
TUDOR STYLE.

Conway Castle and the town fortifications were built for Edward I., and completed in 1284. Richard II. gathered his forces there to resist the invasion of Bolingbroke. The castle was repaired by Henry VII., and remained intact until the Civil War, when it was twice besieged. Later, in 1665, it was stripped of its timber, lead, and iron, and reduced to its present condition. It is one of the most impressive of British mediæval fortresses. Leeds Castle, in Kent, stands on rocky islands in a lake, and was a strong fortress in the days of water-defences. The keep,

or gloriette (seen in the extreme background in our photograph), contains a chapel built in 1380, while the rest of it dates chiefly from the time of Henry VIII. The large building near the gloriette was erected, in the Tudor style, in 1822. Leeds Castle is associated with Isabella, wife of Edward II., and it was there that Henry V. received the Emperor Sigismund, and imprisoned his stepmother Joan for practising witchcraft. For the same offence Eleanor, wife of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, was tried at Leeds Castle in 1431.

THE GREEK "DICTATOR'S" DOWNFALL: A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.



DURING THE RECENT COUP D'ÉTAT IN GREECE EFFECTED BY GENERAL KONDYLIS: AN ARMOURD CAR OUTSIDE THE MINISTRY OF WAR AT ATHENS.



THE CAPTURE OF THE EX-"DICTATOR" AT SEA: GENERAL PANGALOS (WEARING A STRAW HAT) SITTING UNDER GUARD IN A MOTOR-LAUNCH FROM THE DESTROYER "LEON."



AFTER HE HAD BEEN DISCOVERED AND ARRESTED ABOARD THE DESTROYER "PERGAMOS," WHICH SURRENDERED TO THE DESTROYER "LEON": GENERAL PANGALOS, THE FALLEN "DICTATOR," COMING ASHORE AT STRUMLI FROM THE "LEON'S" MOTOR-LAUNCH.



OCCUPIED BY THE TROOPS OF GENERAL KONDYLIS: THE MINISTRY OF WAR DURING THE BLOODLESS REVOLUTION IN ATHENS.



WITH AN ARMOURD CAR (ON LEFT) READY FOR EMERGENCIES: A SCENE OUTSIDE THE POST OFFICE IN ATHENS DURING THE BLOODLESS REVOLUTION.

A *coup d'état* was effected in Athens on August 22, as noted in our last issue, where we gave portraits of General Kondylis, the leader of the revolution, and of General Pangalos, the overthrown "Dictator." General Pangalos was arrested at Spetsai, a fashionable island resort, and placed on board the destroyer "Pergamos," but he induced the commander to disobey orders and enable him to escape. The "Pergamos" was pursued by the battle-ship "Kilkis" and the destroyer "Leon," which had broken away from the flotilla under the pro-Pangalos commander, Captain Kolialaxis, and had declared for General Kondylis. The

"Leon" came up with the "Pergamos" near Cape Matapan, and, after warning shots had been fired, the latter surrendered. General Pangalos, who was found hiding on board, was taken to Athens and confined, under close guard, in the Military Hospital. Owing to his attempts to escape, he was removed to the island of Ægina, and later to the fortress of Itzedin, in Crete. It was stated that he would be brought to trial with other deposed Ministers. General Kondylis has become Prime Minister and Minister of War and Marine. He is reported to have announced a general policy on Socialist lines.

A CLOUDBURST AT THE EQUATOR: A REMARKABLE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY



"GRADUALLY GREAT LURID THUNDERCLOUDS GATHER OVERHEAD": THE ONCOMING OF

Describing his wonderfully fine photograph, Mr. Francis S. Smythe, F.R.G.S., writes: "The north-east and south-east trade winds meet at the Equator in that magical area of almost perpetual calm known to sailors as the 'Doldrums.' Here, in the old 'windjamming' days, ships often lay for weeks utterly becalmed. Storms of wind are practically unknown in this region, but during the rainy season the oily seas are lashed by tremendous tropical rains. The above photograph, taken on the Equator en route from Rio de Janeiro to Lisbon, depicts the oncoming of what would be regarded on land as a

PHOTOGRAPH OF A STORM OVER THE "DOLDRUMS."

FRANCIS S. SMYTHE, F.R.G.S.



A TERRIFIC STORM OF RAIN AND LIGHTNING OVER CALM WATERS AT THE EQUATOR.

cloudburst. The day is breathless and hot. Gradually great lurid thunderclouds climb up out of the sea from behind the horizon and gather overhead. Lightning flickers among them and thunder rumbles solemnly over the silent ocean. At length the clouds can sustain their burden no longer. Their inky skirts dip down and a torrent of water descends, rent by terrific flashes of lightning. In a matter of a few minutes an inch or more of rain may fall. A quickly moving ship is soon out of the storm zone, for these intense 'bursts' are usually only local, and the watery curtain is left behind."

A VILLAGE STREET AS THRESHING-FLOOR: MÆVAL METHODS OF HUSBANDRY IN MODERN FRANCE.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY JAN GORDON.



WHERE THE FLAIL IS STILL USED IN TWENTIETH-CENTURY FRANCE: A SEPTEMBER THRESHING SCENE IN THE VILLAGE OF NAJAC, WITH ITS TWELFTH-CENTURY CASTLE.

Here and there, in the heart of twentieth-century France, the peasants are still using the same primitive methods of husbandry as their forefathers did in the Middle Ages. Here, for instance, we see two women and a man, at harvest time, threshing corn with flails in the middle of the street, to be winnowed by the wind. The setting of this old-world scene is a cobbled street in the picturesque little town of Najac, in the South of France, near Villefranche, in the Department of Aveyron. The town stands on a hill which is bounded on three sides by a curve in the river Aveyron, and is crowned by a ruined castle built in the

twelfth century and rebuilt in the thirteenth. The keep is a hundred feet high. Najac is a place especially notable for the maintenance of old traditions and local customs, some of which have been illustrated at one time and another in these pages. In our issue of August 29 last year, we gave a drawing of an annual August fête, in which a huge bun is carried in procession through the streets. The next issue (for September 5, 1925) contained an illustration of a curious dance, during which the dancers crouch down, and anyone standing is attacked by men with long brooms.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, I.B., HERSLEVEN (BRUSSELS), AND C.N.



WINNERS IN THE WOMEN'S OLYMPIC GAMES AT GOTHENBURG: BRITISH GIRL ATHLETES (IN RIGHT FOREGROUND) WITH THE UNION JACK IN A PARADE.



A WELL-KNOWN ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOL BURNT DOWN DURING THE HOLIDAYS: THE FIRE AT THE ORATORY SCHOOL AT CAVERSHAM PARK, NEAR READING.



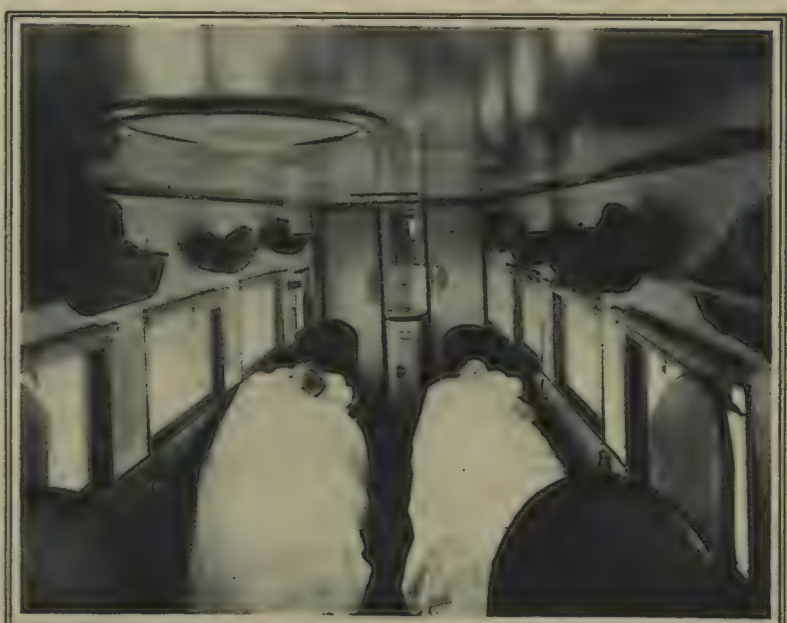
THE "BATTLE" OF THE AVON DURING THE ARMY TRAINING EXERCISES ON SALISBURY PLAIN: TANKS GOING INTO ACTION, ATTENDED BY MOTOR-CYCLISTS.



WITH A RANGE-FINDER (RIGHT) LOCATING THE "ENEMY": MACHINE-GUNNERS OF THE SOUTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT DURING THE "BATTLE" OF THE AVON.



MADE ENTIRELY OF DURALUMIN, LIKE THE FLYING-BOAT RECENTLY BUILT FOR THE AIR MINISTRY: A NEW BELGIAN ALL-METAL AEROPLANE AT ZEEBRUGGE.



THE FIRST AEROPLANE WITH SLEEPING-CAR ACCOMMODATION: PASSENGERS IN THEIR "BUNKS" IN A NEW GERMAN MACHINE ARRIVED AT CROYDON FROM BERLIN.

Britain won, with France second, in the Women's Olympic Games at Gothenburg, in Sweden.—The Roman Catholic Oratory School at Caversham Park, near Reading, was almost completely destroyed by fire early on August 30. As it was holiday time the boys were away, and the only occupants were the headmaster (the Rev. E. Pereira) and four servants. They all escaped in time. Four fire brigades were summoned.—During the Army training exercises recently held on Salisbury Plain, a "battle" was fought between two forces named "England" and "Greenland," and on August 27 operations were carried out with a view to solving the problem of pursuit, following up a victory, and making it decisive. A defeated

"Greenland" army, moving eastward from crossings over the Avon, had failed to reach its objective, a munition centre at Andover. A mobile "England" force, including tanks, was trying to cut off the "Greenland" retreat.—The Belgian aeroplane shown above is made entirely of duralumin, including the propeller. A coastal flying-boat of the same metal, built for the Air Ministry by Short Brothers, was recently launched on the Medway at Rochester.—The first aeroplane fitted with sleeping accommodation arrived at Croydon from Berlin on August 30. It is one of three designed by Dr. Huth, of the German Albatross Company. The eight seats in the saloon can be converted into four beds.

THE 206TH FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS: WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EDGAR AND WINIFRED WARD.



WHERE THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS, DATING FROM 1724, IS ABOUT TO BE HELD:
THE CATHEDRAL AT WORCESTER—A BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM ACROSS THE SEVERN.

The famous Festival of the Three Choirs, the 206th of the series, is to begin in Worcester Cathedral on September 5, and will continue till the 12th. The first festival took place in 1724 at Gloucester, and has since been held every year alternately at Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester. It has become one of the great musical events of the year. The music of Sir Edward Elgar, who lives near Worcester, at Kempsey, will be largely represented on this occasion, and that composer will conduct his own works, "The Apostles," "The Kingdom," and

"For the Fallen," in the Cathedral, while "Dream Children" and the "Enigma" variations will be given in the public hall. Among the great classical works on the programme are "Elijah" and "The Messiah." The conductor is Sir Ivor Atkins. The see of Worcester was founded in 780, and part of the existing cathedral dates from the eleventh century. The crypt (1084) is one of the only four apsidal crypts in England, and the monument of King John is the earliest sepulchral effigy of an English King in this country.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., LAFAYETTE, BARRATT, ELLIOTT AND FRY, PHOTOPRESS, AND KEYSTONE.



WINNER OF THE 1500-C.C. RACE (GRAND PRIX FOR LIGHT CARS) AT THE BOULOGNE MOTOR MEETING: MR. G. T. EYSTON IN HIS BUGATTI CAR (COVERED WITH FLOWERS)—WITH MISS IVY CUMMINGS.



A NOTED BRITISH RACING MOTORIST KILLED AT THE BOULOGNE MEETING: MR. RICHARD B. HOWEY, WHOSE CAR CRASHED INTO THE SPECTATORS, KILLING ONE AND SERIOUSLY INJURING SEVERAL OTHERS.



VICE-CHANCELLOR OF LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY: THE LATE DR. ADAMI.



A FAMOUS IRISH POLITICIAN: THE LATE MR. J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL.



A NOTED COLONIAL JUDGE: THE LATE SIR W. HYNDMAN JONES.



THE NEW POSTAL CONTROLLER FOR LONDON: MR. T. R. GARDINER.



CANON OF PETERBOROUGH: THE LATE REV. JOHN E. STOCKS, D.D.



THE BOY GOLF CHAMPION: E. A. MCRURIE (SECOND FROM LEFT), WITH THE RUNNER-UP, C. W. TIMMIS (THIRD FROM LEFT), AND SEMI-FINALISTS, H. C. FORBES (LEFT) AND R. S. FLETCHER (RIGHT).



THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS WIFE ENJOYING A WELL-DESERVED HOLIDAY ABROAD: MR. AND MRS. BALDWIN TAKING THE WATERS AT AIX-LES-BAINS.

The first day of the motor racing at Boulogne—August 26—was marred by a terrible accident. In the kilometre flying start hill-test, Mr. R. B. Howey, in a big Ballot car, lost control of the machine, which collided with a car at the roadside and crashed among the spectators. Mr. Howey and one bystander were killed outright, and several others were injured, three seriously. A further disaster was narrowly averted by a telephone message to the starting-point that stopped the next competitors (Major Segrave and Mr. Parry Thomas) from starting, just in time. On the 28th Mr. G. T. Eyston won the 1500-c.c. race in a Bugatti car.—Dr. J. G. Adam was Strathcona Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology at McGill University, Montreal, from 1892 to 1919, when he became associated

with the University of Liverpool.—Mr. Swift MacNeill sat for South Donegal as a Nationalist from 1887 to 1918. He was distinguished as an authority on Constitutional Law.—Sir William Hyndman Jones became a Judge of the Supreme Court of the Straits Settlements in 1896, and Chief Justice some ten years later.—Mr. T. R. Gardiner has succeeded Sir Charles Sanderson as London Postal Controller.—Canon Stocks was formerly Archdeacon of Leicester and Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation at Canterbury.—In the final of the Boys' Golf Championship, at Coombe Hill, E. A. McRurie beat C. W. Timmis by one hole.—Mr. Baldwin again went for his summer holiday to Aix-les-Bains, where his previous visits resulted in much benefit to his health.



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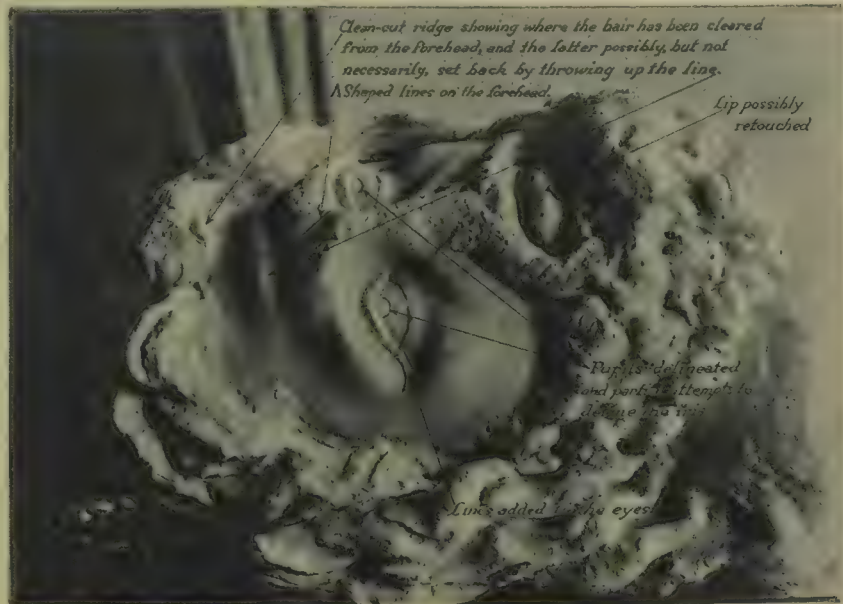
WITH · OR · WITHOUT · CORK · TIPS

A PAGAN GOD RE-TOUCHED? NEW LIGHT ON THE JERASH "CHRIST."

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1. "A CLASSICAL MASTERPIECE RE-TOUCHED TO PORTRAY THE MAN OF SORROWS": THE JERASH HEAD, ORIGINALLY SCULPTURED ABOUT THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C.—HERE LAID HORIZONTALLY TO SHOW IN A GOOD LIGHT ALTERATIONS DONE IN CHRISTIAN TIMES TO THE FOREHEAD, HAIR, EYES, AND LIPS (AS INDICATED IN NO. 2).



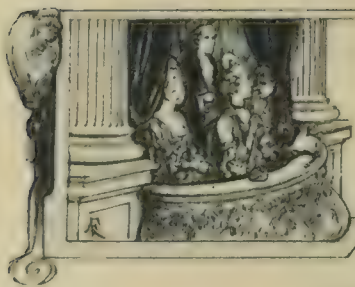
2. LETTERED TO INDICATE THE RE-TOUCHING THAT CHANGED A GREEK GOD INTO CHRIST: ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE JERASH HEAD LAID HORIZONTALLY TO CORRESPOND WITH PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1



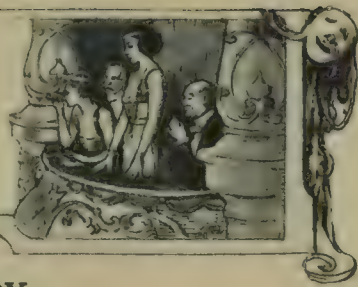
3. BELIEVED TO BE THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF CHRIST: THE WONDERFUL HEAD DISCOVERED AT JERASH, IN PALESTINE, AND SINCE FOUND TO BE A CLASSICAL WORK RE-TOUCHED.

IN our issue of July 31 we published photographs of the head found at Jerash and believed to be the earliest portrait of Christ, with an article by Professor Garstang, Director of the Palestine Department of Antiquities. We have since received from him the following letter: "On returning to Palestine," he says, "I found the Jerash Head sufficiently dry to commence cleaning, and several new details have disclosed themselves, leading, I believe, to a solution of some of the questions it had aroused. The face has been partly re-cut: to what extent I am not competent to decide, but the evidence of re-working is clear in certain details, and I send you a photograph specially lit so as to bring this out. The most noticeable place is on the upper part of the forehead, where a clean-cut ridge betrays the removal of a lock of hair, and possibly the cutting back of the upper forehead itself, for the whole is smooth-finished, and the brow recedes. The indication of the pupils of the eyes appears to be an addition; so, too, the lines to the outer corners of the eyes, while the left eye betrays a possible attempt to define the iris. There are further suggestions by the side of the face, but the matter is clearly one for expert technical opinion. In any case, my statement that the artist was working upon the familiar models of Zeus or Asklepios was much nearer the truth than I knew, for it now appears quite plain that the original sculpture was a classical masterpiece re-touched to portray the Man of Sorrows. The original sculpture may be as old as the fourth century B.C., while the new work thus far disclosed is not in itself sufficiently distinctive to indicate its date. It was probably not earlier than the latter half of the second century A.D., and cannot be later than the destruction of the church

in the cloister of which it was found; the precise date of this event remains to be determined." Details of the re-touching are visible in Photographs Nos. 1 and 2 above, including a clean-cut ridge showing where the hair has been cleared from the forehead, and the latter possibly, but not necessarily, set back by throwing up the line; shaped lines on the forehead; the lip possibly re-touched; pupils of the eyes delineated and partial attempts to define the iris; and lines added to the eyes.



The World of the Theatre.



"THE QUEEN WAS IN THE PARLOUR"—ON LIGHT COMEDY.

MR. NOEL COWARD in a lively preface defends himself against his critics who charge him with offences against morality by declaring that at least ninety per cent. of the public interested in drama "are mentally incapable of regarding it as an art at all." He is on pretty safe ground, for, at any rate among the Anglo-Saxon races, morality can cover a multitude of artistic sins. We have seen very indifferent novels hailed from the pulpit and given the imprimatur of a Bishop's blessing because of their "moral tone"; and when one looks back over the list

of life is in the beauty and striving towards some aim. It is deep in the soul that is dimly aware of the ultimate worth of existence. We all do a thousand ludicrous things—we snatch at papers, crowd into trains, work on committees, eat and drink, love and marry, sleep and wake—but deep down we blindly believe it is all worth while. Something within us assures us that there is more in life than the fret of the senses. Surely there lies the supreme value of art—the awakening of the sense of beauty and truth in the unachieved. Drama which is art will sharpen men's vision so that they will glimpse the realities above and beyond the confusion of day. Mr. Coward has no such ideal. For him "the first end of Comedy," as Dryden put it, "is delight," and his gifts of entertaining repartee, his skill in contriving a situation and maintaining it, his mastery over the tricks of the stage, his power to surprise both verbally and in action, make him always interesting and entertaining. He mocks at our strong smug insularity with his cynicisms, and offends our puritanical morals with his "Fallen Angels."

In "The Queen was in the Parlour" he has broken new ground. This time he follows in the wake of Anthony Hope and sets his romance in a Ruritanian country. That is, however, the only point of contact with the idyllic and idealistic romancer. For, though the furniture is the same, the informing spirit is like that which characterises all Noel Coward's plays. Nadya, the heroine, has drunk deep of "undiluted love." She is a stock type. We have met her so often that we have come to expect her. Though unoriginal, she nevertheless is attractive, and Miss Titheradge trembles through the whole gamut of emotions with consummate artistry. Her lover, Sabien, is a mouthpiece for lively impertinences, a puppet who serves to keep the tale going with a swing until he finally and conveniently disposes of himself with a revolver. Prince Keri, to whom Nadya is betrothed at the bidding of the State—an engaging and discreet gentleman in love with someone else—is as formal as Sabien is informal, and as understanding as a romantic Prince should be. The play has a refreshing unreality which discounts the ill-flavour of the intrigues, and a smartness which makes for pleasant entertainment. In such light romantic comedy all that

matters is that it shall amuse. It is too remote from actual life to challenge our susceptibilities. If we were to bring a puritanical foot-rule to Mr. Neil Grant's trifle at the Criterion, "Thy Name is Woman," we might condemn it because it apparently approves of lying and justifies the audacity of attempting to swindle an insurance company. That would be ridiculous. The comedy does not pretend to fulfil the formula of Meredith. It is not a criticism. It is a *jeu d'esprit*, and wants no moral purpose to sanction it. The author of "Possessions"—a beautiful and moving



HER MAJESTY OF KRAJA IN ROYAL MOOD: MISS MADGE TITHERADGE AS NADYA IN "THE QUEEN WAS IN THE PARLOUR."

Mr. Noel Coward's new play at the St. Martin's has for its heroine a royal lady who is first seen living in Paris in a fast set and about to be married. She is recalled to Kraja as Queen, and has to take up the burden of royalty and forgo her marriage and her heart's desire.—[Photograph by Lenare.]

of our distinguished and successful authors we find that their moralism counts as much as their literary excellence in winning popularity. If Ruskin and Carlyle had not been preachers first, they would never have been such powerful influences. Longfellow and Tennyson found a place in every home because they were, like Cæsar's wife, "above suspicion"; and to-day such admirable dramatists as Shaw and Galsworthy are regarded as serious because their province is the criticism of modern institutions. They are preachers and propagandists first, and on this foundation-stone have they built their success. Their popular reputation was not made by their beauties of style or their artistic feeling for language. There are passages in Shaw which have the sublimity of fine art—rich in thought perfectly expressed, but these qualities are not commonly appreciated. It is not too much to say that art in the theatre is not embraced by the multitude. Just because the drama is "of the people and for the people," its appreciation by the people is governed by their mental standards. The finer issues of art are lost upon them. This is not a snobbish attitude which looks disparagingly on the multitude. Mankind in general is not only sound at the core, but full of commonsense and practical intelligence. It is, in the main, too much occupied in everyday affairs of life, in getting bread and butter and providing against the future, to bother about what is termed art. Its surplus energy does not run in the channel of ideas. This is in part due to lack of education to stimulate the mental faculties. Concentration is only acquired through arduous training, and the life of to-day is opposed to habits of continuous mental effort. Our entertainments are primarily devised for distraction and not for the vigorous exercise of the faculties.

But Mr. Coward asks to be considered as an artist in the theatre, and he defends his "sex plays" on the old ground that sex is the most important factor in human life. I should dispute this. How much sex is there in "The Tempest"? Yet it glows with passion. The greatest thing is spiritual. The sense



HER MAJESTY OF KRAJA AND HER EX-FIANCÉ: NADYA (MADGE TITHERADGE) AND SABIEN (FRANCIS LISTER) IN THE NEW NOEL COWARD PLAY AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

Miss Madge Titheradge has a fine emotional rôle in the latest Noel Coward play, produced last week at the St. Martin's. "The Queen was in the Parlour," is a romantic melodrama in the vein of Anthony Hope. Nadya lives in Paris, and is about to marry Sabien, when she is called back to reign in Kraja. Sabien saves her life on the day before her wedding, and she gives him an audience.—[Photograph by Lenare.]



AS THE GRAND DUCHESS EMILIE OF ZALGAR IN "THE QUEEN WAS IN THE PARLOUR": LADY TREE. Lady Tree has a part of the type which suits her admirably in "The Queen Was in the Parlour," the new Noel Coward play at the St. Martin's. She is the Grand Duchess of Zalgarr, the lady who has lived through four or five revolutions, if "you count the little one."—[Photograph by Lenare.]

play which did not meet with the success it deserved—has deliberately thrown off something to the popular taste, a light, bright effort primarily concerned with the ridiculous. Situation and character are conjoined, and the sparkling dialogue builds a piece that only a misanthrope could fail to enjoy. Miss Heather Thatcher's performance is a delight. When a clever writer addresses himself to the impossible, when he jettisons everything which is serious, it is possible for him to make his effects both for the many and the few. Mr. Noel Coward achieved this in "Hay Fever." The art of this light comedy is not to present life in a truthful mirror, but in a distorting glass, for our delight. It is an excursion into the artificial and an escape from realities.

So much is fulfilled in "The Queen was in the Parlour." We are transported into a kingdom that never was on sea or land, and the romance rollicks through on its tide of impossibilities to its exciting end. But, just so far as it is unhumanly idealistic, so far does it fall short. Mr. Noel Coward's modernity infects it with tings of cynicism and with a sex emphasis which is inartistic. I am no puritan who would rule out sex. Mr. Noel Coward has written one fine and serious play, "The Vortex," on this theme, but I do say that sex in the theatre should preserve the proportion it has in life. This constant portraiture of Fallen Angels in the mood calculated to startle with its audacities, this repartee malicious in spite of its cleverness, this stuffy atmosphere with its champagne suppers, is the product of a mind which refuses to see life steadily and see it whole. The narrowed vision breeds cynicism, and, though it masquerades under the mask of romantic comedy, it remains unrefreshing. Even where it criticises it only fulfils a negative function. Still, Mr. Coward in romantic vein is entertaining. Here are pistols and secret staircases, a Queen with a past and a Revolution in the present, clever acting, with passion and zest enough to pack the evening with excitement, and I make no doubt that the ninety per cent. that Mr. Coward tells us are mentally incapable of regarding art in the theatre will flock to enjoy it.

G. F. H.

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD



The Corinthians on their home ground—the Crystal Palace.

THE CORINTHIAN FOOTBALL CLUB

In 1882 a few of the leading Soccer players in the South of England conceived the idea of a club which should be composed of the best amateurs then playing the Association game. It was only proposed to arrange a few matches, and one of the chief objects was to give members of the England team an opportunity of playing together apart from Internationals.

The question of finding a name for this club gave a good deal of trouble until someone suggested "The Corinthian Football Club." This was approved and accepted, and the first match, against St. Thomas's Hospital, was played on the 1st November, 1882.

Although no definite rule was made, members were restricted to 'Varsity and old Public School boys, and it was decided that the Club should stand out of all competitions. This was a concession to the other clubs, who would otherwise have suffered by losing the services of their best players in some of their most important fixtures.

For many years the Corinthians were a match for any professional side in the Country. Such an array of internationals played for them as probably no other club can boast.

If for a time they lost some of their pre-eminence, they always did and do still maintain the splendid traditions with which their name has ever been associated. Conditions have changed somewhat in the past few years, and the Corinthians are now proving worthy entrants for the F.A. Cup. Amateur Soccer is gaining ground again and some day in the future a team may take the field at the Crystal Palace, where the Club now has its headquarters, which will not suffer by comparison with the greatest of the past.



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Fashions & Fancies

THE "ETON CROP" AND "CHARLESTON" HAVE INSPIRED SEVERAL DECORATIVE FRIVOLITIES WHICH PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT MANNERS INFLUENCE MODES IN A SURPRISING WAY.

of snake and lizard skin with ferrules to match—an innovation which is both smart and practical.

Decorative Jewellery from Head to Heels.

It is evident that artificial jewellery has come to stay, and autumn holds the key which will unlock a glittering casket of jewels of every kind. Obviously, as the Eton crop grows more fashionable, ear-rings are of the utmost importance. I saw a wonderful pair, each in the form of a huge vineleaf of gold on which were encrusted several bunches of grapes. The long tapering variety are being rivalled by these rather triangular-shaped ones, which give more width to the face. Pearls round the neck are a foregone conclusion, ropes and ropes of them fastened by a single jewelled clasp at the back. Quite a new vogue which gives increased



A group of fascinating accessories which will be included in the autumn wardrobe of every well-dressed woman.

importance to jewellery is the Persian or Egyptian girdle for evening frocks. These are sometimes worked on the dress itself with huge gems embroidered in a sparkling background of diamanté and crystals, but they can also be bought separately, and have the advantage of being adaptable to any frock. Flat, flexible bracelets of gold or paste encrusted with the same jewels are worn usually two on the same arm, and, though there are also anklets to match, it remains to be seen whether this is not rather a curiosity than a serious vogue. Evening bags, not to be outdone by this splendour, are often fashioned entirely of large pearls threaded with a latticework of diamanté, and are designed to hold only handkerchief, purse, and powder-puff, while a tiny jewelled cigarette and match case is suspended from the chain. And then, not content with this, you may have the heels of your dancing shoes either covered entirely with tiny coloured brilliants or adorned with your monogram in onyx and diamonds—a mode said to have been inspired by the "Charleston," which brings the heels instead of the toes well into the limelight.

Autumn Hats and Their Vagaries.

Never have the fashions in hats been more interesting than just now, when several modes are rivalling each other for supremacy in the autumn and winter. There are the wide-brimmed hats with their tall crowns and gay Spanish atmosphere, the small ones with crowns "punched" this way and that with studied carelessness, and the berets with no brims at all. You may take your



Frilled organdie in pretty shades of cyclamen and peach have been chosen to express these captivating frocks for small maidens from the salons of Dickins and Jones.

choice according to your type of face. An infinite variety of new models is always to be found in the salons of Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W., and it was there that the four pictured below were chosen. On the left are two wide-brimmed affairs, one carried out in black panne trimmed with petersham ribbon passed through a slot in the crown and secured with an ornament, and the other a red velvet boasting a beautiful osprey mount. Opposite is another large hat of felt and velvet, the brim turned sharply up at the back, narrowing to a band which encircles the crown, and a smart little beret toque in two shades of velvet. It must be noted that this firm make a speciality of large head-fittings, so that no one need despair who has not a shingled head. There are two of the famous featherweight sports hats of unspottable fur felt in new shapes and colourings ranging from 29s. 6d. upwards.

Pretty Frocks for Little People.

Charming little frocks such as those pictured on the top of this page fulfil a double rôle, for during September they can be worn under light coats, and later in the season they appear at the numerous parties. They hail from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. On the left-hand side are two patterned with gay floral designs, the first a printed chiffon and the second a voile trimmed with frills of organdie. On the right are two captivating affairs in peach and cyclamen organdie trimmed with tiny frills. For more ordinary occasions there are delightful little frocks with knickers to match of printed shantung, ranging from 43s. 6d., size 18 in.; and schappe smock suits for small boys are from 38s. 6d. Knitted woollen suits bordered



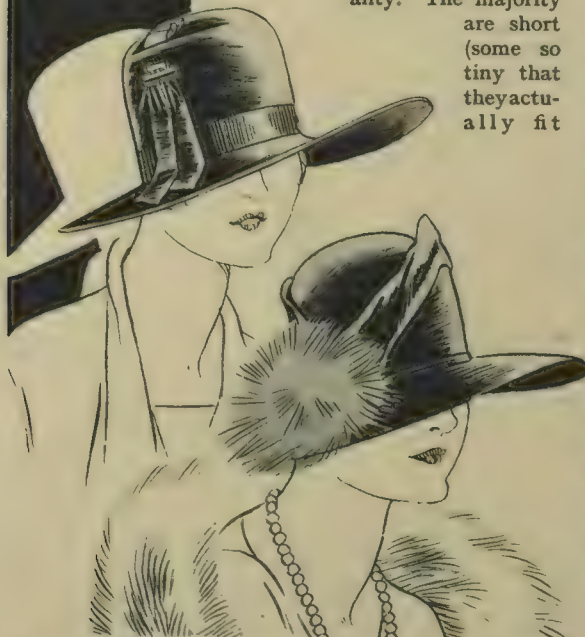
Felt and velvet express the distinctive hat above, with the brim turned up sharply at the back, narrowing to a bow in front, and velvet in two shades, the "chic" little beret turban below; they hail from Henry Heath.



Two charming little frocks for festive occasions from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. The one on the left is of printed chiffon with a white ground and orange flowers and pipings; while the other is of mauve-flowered voile, trimmed with trim frills of organdie to match.

Accessories Every Woman Will Want.

Fifty years ago there were bugles and bows, buttons and bones, innumerable on every frock. Nowadays there is nothing superfluous—a yard or two of material, a belt and buckle, and that is all; but, on the other hand, there are certain accessories, quite separate, but nevertheless indispensable to the well-dressed woman. There are, of course, endless variations, and our artist has sketched in the centre of this page a group characteristic of the autumn's latest fashions. First, for wearing with the tailored suit is the combined fichu, "bow-tie," and collar of pleated georgette. The high collar is a concession to the chill September winds, and the fichu is added to detract from its "mannish" atmosphere. Waistcoats are coming in again, and these, too, button right up to the neck with high collars, made sometimes of stamped kid or soft suede in some bright colour matching the hand-bag. The latter seems still undecided whether to be entirely of the flat envelope variety or in the "pouchy" shape, which is less neat perhaps, but holds far more without losing its contours with age. Meanwhile, there are both, and one is used for travelling and the other for afternoon and evening functions. Those of plain leather have belts to match, each decorated with the same monogram, and several of the newest bags are of shagreen in many lovely colourings. The umbrella is an old friend who is allowed to express the utmost individuality. The majority are short (some so tiny that they actually fit



Two fashionable wide-brimmed hats for the autumn from Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W. The one above is of black panne and petersham, and the other of red velvet, trimmed with a magnificent osprey mount.

into the flap of the handbag and can be carried everywhere without the slightest trouble), but the handles are infinitely varied. There is ivory, of course, and carved wood, while some have "hooks"

with artificial silk in contrasting stripes can be secured for 18s. 6d., sizes two to five years; and for elder sisters there are useful knitted woollen frocks completed with Eton collars and tie obtainable for 25s. 6d., size 26 in.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN made a stay of a day or two in London, and spent a long week-end at Goldsbrough Hall, before joining the King at Balmoral. The Braemar Gathering on the 9th and the Alwyne Ball and Games will mark the zenith of the Deeside season—a very full and gay one. The Queen was delighted with her two grandsons while at Goldsbrough Hall, where she was enabled to see a great deal of them in their own home and among their own animals, for both are animal-lovers and very fine little boys. Princess Mary is quite a Yorkshire Princess, having taken a great and sincere liking for her husband's home county and people. The Queen when at Balmoral makes many motor-car expeditions, and if the weather be favourable will spend an enjoyable and health-giving six weeks there.

Mrs. S. A. Courtauld is hostess at Arisaig, which is on the west coast of Inverness-shire. The deer forest is about 16,000 acres, and there should be twenty-five stags and good bags of grouse, while there is sea-trout and salmon fishing in Loch Eilt and the River Ailort. Mrs. Courtauld is that generous patroness of Grand Opera to whom all owe two highly interesting and successful seasons. She is a tall, dignified, handsome, fair woman, and has proved her worth as a hostess. She is mistress of a fine house in Grosvenor Square, in which her excellent taste is exemplified. She dresses smartly and very well, and has many friends. The west coast of Inverness-shire is beautiful, and her guests at Arisaig are sure of an excellent time.

A new hostess for this season is Lady Ramsay of Bamff, who is a genuine Scotswoman. Sir James Ramsay succeeded his father in February of last year. Soon after, he resigned the position of Commissioner at Balmoral to give up all his time to Bamff, which has been in his family for over two centuries. The

that the Queen will visit Bamff, with its reception-rooms upstairs, as is the case in almost all old Scottish mansions. The Duchess of Atholl, sister of Sir James Ramsay, always speaks of it with great affection. Lady Ramsay is a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. MacGregor, late of the 92nd Highlanders. There are two sons; the elder will be seventeen in October.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK IN SCOTLAND. HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, WITH MISS CAMERON, INSPECTING THE GIRL GUIDES AT THE DUNDEE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S CENTENARY SHOW.

The Duchess of York opened the Centenary Show of the Dundee Horticultural Society, on Magdalen Green. She drove over from Glamis with her father, the Earl of Strathmore. Our photograph shows her inspecting the Dundee Girl Guides who attended the function.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

King and the Queen thought very highly of Sir James and Lady Ramsay when they were at Balmoral. Bamff is a very old and picturesque castellated stone building surrounded by lovely gardens. It is more than likely

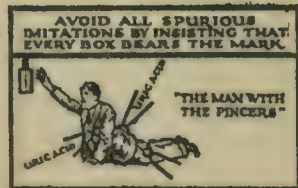
is a pretty woman, with dark eyes and fair hair. She is a daughter of the second Earl of Lichfield, and is, although it is difficult to realise it, a grandmother, her married son having three children. One of her two

[Continued overleaf.]

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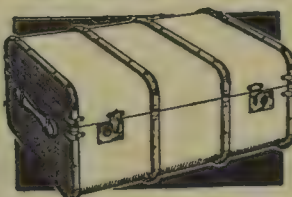
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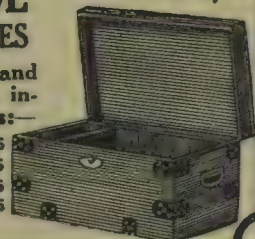
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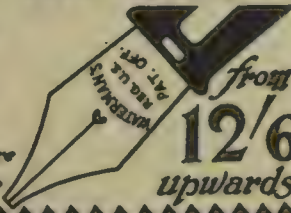
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(Continued.)

daughters married Captain the Hon. Reginald Coke, D.S.O.; the other goes out during the season with her mother

Mrs. Loeffler is at Brackley Moor, in the Ballater district, which Captain Loeffler rented last season. She is a very pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed lady who has been a favourite in London society for many years. As a hostess she is very keenly appreciated, and her husband owns a fine yacht, which was chartered this year. She had a big luncheon marquee at Goodwood last year, where she entertained most hospitably, but was not at the meeting this year, nor at Cowes. She has a daughter out who is usually with her. Sport at Brackley Moor is proving excellent this season, and Mrs. Loeffler has a series of house parties. The Deeside is, of course, one of the socially gayest of the shooting districts.

Lady Violet Astor is with her husband, Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, at Meikbour. The place belongs to Lady Violet's son of her first marriage, with Lord Charles Mercer Nairne, elder of the two sons of the Marquess of Lansdowne. Lord Lansdowne inherited Meikbour and the Barony of Nairne from his mother, who held it in her own right. Master George Mercer Nairne is a minor in his fourteenth year, and a god-son of the King. He has one sister, who is a great deal with her grandmother, Lady Lansdowne. Tully Beagles also belongs to the Nairne estates, which descended to the late Lord Charles Mercer Nairne. Lady Violet Astor, who is a sister of the Earl of Minto, is a well-known hostess at Hever Castle, Kent, which the late Viscount Astor restored, brought up to date, and filled with beautiful things; as also is her mansion in Carlton House Terrace, which she lends from time to time for use in good causes.

Moy Hall, with its forest and shootings, where the King has enjoyed some excellent days' sport, has been let by The



THE KING ON HIS WAY TO BALMORAL: HIS MAJESTY, IN HIGHLAND KILT, ACKNOWLEDGING THE SALUTE OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR ON HIS ARRIVAL AT BALLATER STATION.

The King arrived at Ballater Station, whence he motored to Balmoral, on August 24, attended by Captain Sir Charles Cust, R.N., and the Earl of Southesk. His Majesty was received by the Marquess of Aberdeen, Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, who is seen in the background on the extreme right. The guard of honour was supplied by the 2nd Batt. Black Watch. The Duke of York arrived at Balmoral the same day, and Prince Henry the day after. The Court is expected to remain at Balmoral till October 4.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Mackintosh to Colonel J. Reid Walker. It is the first time for somewhere about forty years that it has been let. It affords very fine sport, and the hall, in a pine wood at the border of a small loch, is not only beautifully situated, but is large, comfortable, and charmingly decorated and furnished. Mr. Reid Walker is a well-known sportsman, and is brother and heir-presumptive to Lord Wavertree. Mrs. Walker is the daughter of the late Mr. John Cartland, of the Priory, King's Heath. There is one unmarried son and one married. The two daughters of the house are married—one to Brigadier-General Reginald Hoare, the other to Major Dennis Hole, 17th Lancers. Colonel J. Reid Walker is Lord Wavertree's elder brother. The head of the family is Sir Ian Walker, who has also rented a fine shooting. He is twenty-four, and unmarried. His mother will be hostess for him.

Many of the Scotch resorts for golfers and anglers are provided with bowling-greens and tennis-courts. Others are getting these possibilities of recreation, other than the two mentioned, for their residents and visitors. Last week Viscountess Chaplin and Mrs. Tysser, of Gordon Bush, opened upon two successive days a bazaar at Brora for the purpose of augmenting funds for a tennis club and bowling club at Brora. The first has been opened for about a fortnight. The coal dispute has made a difference to these far north seaside places. Brora has its own coal-mine, where the miners have never been on strike, but everyone does not know this. It is called the Electric City of the North, because the streets, houses, and fishermen's and miners' cottages are electrically lighted. It is a city too, although a tiny one, and prosperous, for there are cloth-mills, brick and drain-pipe works, as well as the fishing, which has come to be regarded as a side issue, despite motor-boats and better transport for catches. The chief hotel was burnt down three years ago and has never been replaced.

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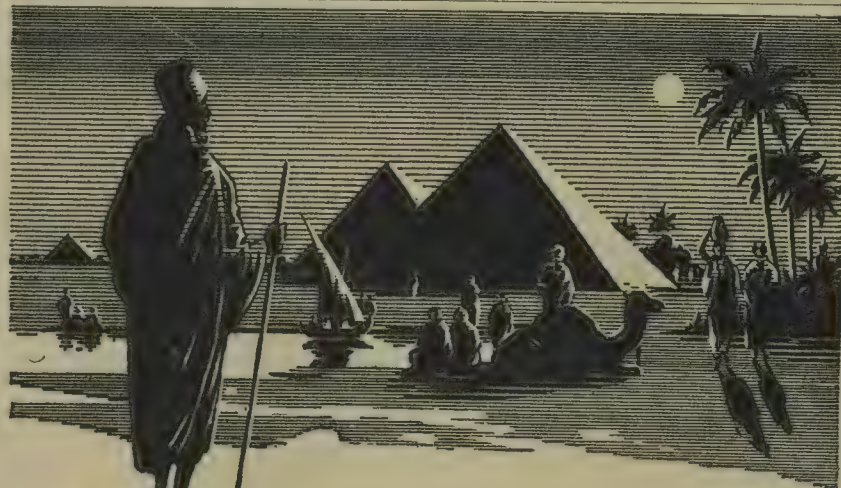
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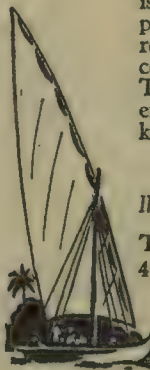
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

AT THE PROMENADES.

IN spite of the fashion of the last few years being in favour of the more intellectually organised types of music, such as the music of the eighteenth century with its clear-cut forms, absence of atmosphere, and well-marked outlines, it is noticeable that at the Promenades the most popular items are invariably those of an emotional, confused, and stormy character. It is probably true that at all times popular works of art have owed their popularity to emotional intensity rather than to intellectual brilliance, and even the purest high-brow could have no fault to find with the popular judgment if he could feel sure that the emotional intensity was of a fine and valuable quality. It is certainly not always so, and some time ago critics were to be found pointing a warning finger at the music of Tchaikovsky, for instance, as an example of facile and deceptive emotionalism.

But we are beginning to wonder whether we have been just to Tchaikovsky, just at the very moment when our combined assaults upon this unfortunate composer have led to a considerable diminution in the number of performances of his works. We have almost driven Tchaikovsky out of the serious Symphony Concert programme in England, but it has taken many years of persistent and eloquent vituperation and invective to do it. Now that it is done—and it is only just done—we begin to repent, to feel a little uneasy. But I venture to provide a little comfort immediately by the reminder that Tchaikovsky will return with renewed splendour to our concert halls after an absence of some unspecified number of years. Exactly how long it will be before his resurrection I am unable to prophesy, but I am certain that it will come. But when we hear again the "Pathetic" Symphony, will it be dealt out to us with quite

the same intensity of anguish as of old? That is the question, and a very interesting question.

It is possible to play Beethoven's symphonies as if they were merely abstract patterns in sound, and there will always be periods in which this will be the fashion, as there will always be conductors with a bias in that direction; but only by caprice will it ever be maintained that this is the

the Promenade Concert on Wednesday, Aug. 25. Sir Henry Wood conducted Schumann's Symphony in D minor, Op. 120. Now, it is impossible to argue that Schumann meant his symphonies to be performed as mere patterns in sound. If ever there lived a romantic musician surcharged with sentiment and emotion, it was Schumann. He was essentially a tone-poet and not a weaver of intricate designs, and his music is expressive of human sentiment, if ever music was.

Yet I found myself passionately wishing that Sir Henry Wood could have been seized with the whim to perform this symphony as if it were the driest and most abstract of sound-patterning. Why? The reason is simple. Sir Henry Wood's emphasising of the emotional character of the symphony got in the way of its successful expression. His performance resembled a letter in which the writer has underlined every word out of fear that the reader would miss its significance. Nothing is quite so ineffective as this method. It is the negation of all true expressiveness, and it made Schumann's Symphony seem the most commonplace claptrap. It is no wonder that, after listening to this performance, a writer in the *Times* should have said: "Schumann's ideas are of a smaller build and a pretty turn, and his treatment of them often sounds ludicrous." But I think we are entitled to ask: "Did we hear Schumann's treatment of them?" and I, for one, would have no hesitation in asserting that we did not.

It is the belief of some critics and amateurs of music that the greatest music ought to be in some way or other foolproof, or, in other words, incapable of misinterpretation or misconstruction. But this is a notion which is devoid of all reality. There is no music that cannot be distorted in the playing, just as there is no poetry which cannot be read aloud in such a way as to make it sound ridiculous. Nor is it only malice or deliberate mockery that can produce such a result. On the contrary, the most

[Continued on Page 434.]



THE ONLY PART YET COMPLETED OF ULSTER'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS: THE SPEAKER'S RESIDENCE AT STORMONT, NEAR BELFAST—THE SOUTH FRONT. The Government of Northern Ireland has been pressing the Board of Works, it is reported, for the completion of the proposed new Parliament buildings and Law Courts at Belfast. So far the only part of the scheme that has been finished is the Speaker's house at Stormont, which has now been formally handed over to the Ulster Government.—[Photograph by Topical.]

ideal way of performing Beethoven's symphonies, and this caprice, or predilection, will arise, as all human caprices arise, out of a reaction against something or other, rather than a genuine stable preference for the thing itself.

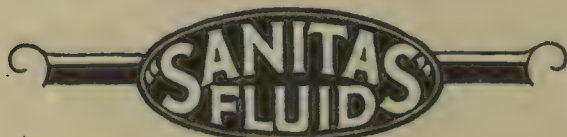
An example of how such a caprice may arise occurred quite recently in my own experience. At



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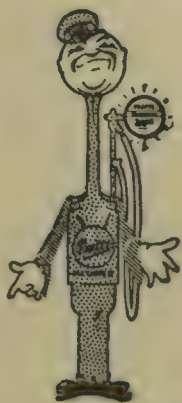
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Will you kindly quote me price of your "BAL-LON-ETTE" tyres (covers only) for my Riley Touring Car. I had your tyres fitted at purchase in June, 1924, and since then have covered some 48,000 miles. It sounds like a fairy story, but I am still running on four of the original tyres, the fifth having given up the ghost at 32,000. This running has been done in all weather, 500 to 1,000 per week, and I think it speaks excellently for your product. Messrs. Mumford & Co., of Salisbury Road, Plymouth, know the mileage I have put up, as I wrote them from various points. Most remarkably, I have only had nine punctures, five of which were wifely done while my car was standing outside different theatres in course of business. The remainder have happened since the tyres became worn out. Awaiting your quotation.

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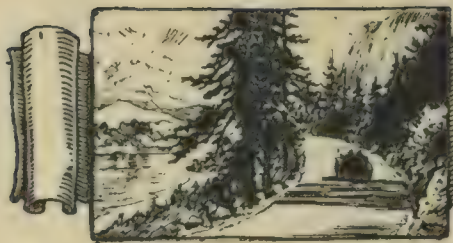
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

A NEW AND INTERESTING CAR.

IF the prophets are to be believed, the main characteristic of 1927 motor design will be an increase in the number of small popular six-cylinder cars. Whether or not this is going to make for the increased comfort of the moderate-income owner-driver, and his greater freedom from trouble, remains to be seen. Six-cylinder enthusiasts are already maintaining that the very small six-cylinder engine which produces a high horse-power figure at a proportionately high-revolution rate is going to be the most economical type. Personally I think it unwise to take this for granted. The small six-cylinder car, at any rate in this country, has yet to prove that it is really a more practical job than its four-cylinder rival of equal capacity.

On the Continent, however, this type is more common than over here, and I hear that the forthcoming Paris Show will have as its main feature cars of this kind. Nothing has been told me about probable prices, but from general indications I should say that something between £400 and £500 will buy you a decent six-cylinder car of between a litre and a-half and two litres cubic capacity.

I have recently had out on trial the new 14-h.p. 1560-cc. Steyr, a car which, apart from the fact of its having a small

all. The live axle shafts are encased with universal joints, which allow for independent oscillating movements, and naturally tend to the reduction of unsprung weight. The spring anchorage is well to the rear of the two axles.

It is very difficult to believe that this Steyr engine has only a capacity of a litre and a-half. The speed and acceleration, both on the level and uphill, are of the sort you expect from cars of at least two-litres capacity. Add to this the fact that the engine runs without any perceptible vibration and with an astonishing absence of noise, and you will understand why it was that time after time I found difficulty in believing the evidence of the speed-indicator. As a matter of fact, I believe the instrument was as nearly accurate as it is possible to get them.

Apart from its liveliness, the Steyr is a most delightful car to handle. In spite of the largest balloon tyres I have ever seen on a car of this size, the steering was, to my taste at all events, practically faultless. Even on rounding corners at very low speeds I could feel no drag worth mentioning. Cornering at high speeds is a positive joy, owing to the way in which the car sticks to the road, and the complete absence of any suggestion of wheel-spin, insured by that ingenious articulated back axle. Furthermore, at fifty or sixty miles an hour you can "put it on a sixpence," as they say. It is easily one of the steadiest cars I have ever driven.

The four-speed gear-box, which is centrally



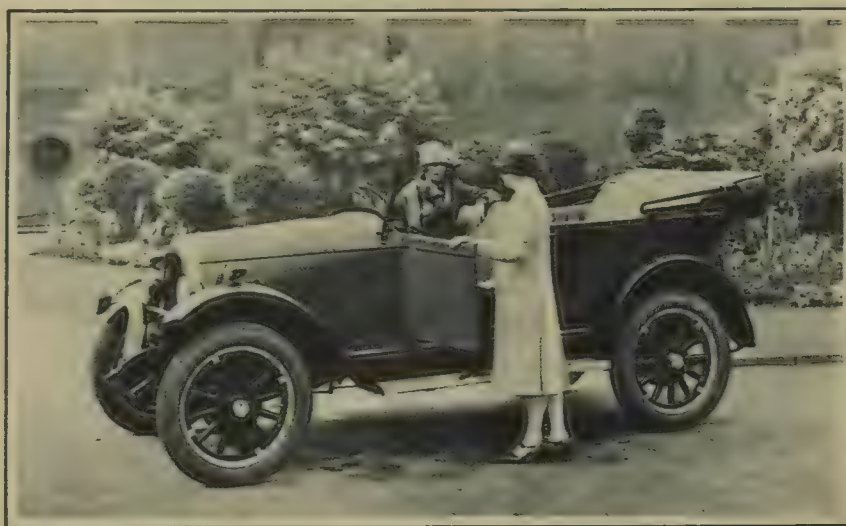
OUTSIDE THE PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICIAL COUNTRY ESTATE. A 35-120 H.P. DAIMLER AT THE LODGE GATES OF CHEQUERS.

This car was recently supplied to Mr. J. H. Moore by the well-known Daimler special agents, Messrs. Watkins and Doncaster, of Devonshire Court, Berkeley Street, W.1.



WITH HIS NEW 14-H.P. STANDARD PALL MALL SALOON: MR. FRANK E. FRANKS, THE COMEDIAN, AT THE ENTRANCE TO BLAGDON PARK.

Mr. Franks bought the car from Rossleigh, Ltd. Blagdon Park, Lord Ridley's seat, is near Newcastle-on-Tyne.



WOMAN AS MOTORIST: A CHAT IN AN OVERLAND WHIPPET, A NEW FAMILY TOURING CAR, PRICED AT £210.

Outstanding features of the new Overland Whippet are its acceleration and top-gear performances which justify comparison with the racing Whippet. The price of £210 includes four-wheel brakes

six-cylinder engine, is of really novel design. Steyr cars in the past have been chiefly noted for solidity of construction and long-wearing life, but most of them have been of medium or large size. In putting this 14-h.p. car on the market, the firm have made a radical departure, and in doing so have turned out one of the most interesting cars I have yet tried.

The six-cylinder engine, which has a bore and stroke of 61.5 and 88, is really notable for the ingenuity of its design. The overhead cam-shaft is driven by a silent chain, which, by means of an intermediate sprocket, is given a slow speed. Its tension can be adjusted from outside the cylinder casting by the slacking off of a single nut. In addition, the tension is kept even on acceleration and deceleration by a spring-loaded clutch through which the fan is geared to the cam-shaft. An excellent point is that both the cylinder-head and the cylinder-casting can be dismantled separately or together; and another, which should appeal very strongly to the owner-driver, is that the double valve springs can be changed with great ease. There is only one screw-down greaser on the unit, and engine, clutch, gear-box, and fan are lubricated from the engine.

The whole car literally bristles with interesting and novel features, a full description of which would require far more space than I have at my disposal; but the design of the back axle is perhaps the most interesting of



IN A SUSSEX BORDER VILLAGE WITH CHARACTERISTICS OF KENT: A 12-25 H.P. FOUR-FIVE-SEATER HUMBER (LATEST MODEL) BESIDE OAST-HOUSES AT EWHURST.

controlled, gives beautifully easy and scrapeless gear-changing. Top speed is rather low, at 5.35 to 1, but you get no evidence of this from the action of the engine at any speed. The pinions must be well-cut and ground, as, although they are only lubricated with engine oil, they run with very little noise. All four gears are useful working ones; by which I mean that their ratios are really properly calculated. The four-wheel brakes are very efficient, and, in spite of a slight squeak, very smooth in operation.

The Austrian-built body is thoroughly comfortable and roomy. Like the engine and chassis, it has a number of ingenious novelties in design; chief among which are the hanging of each pair of the very wide doors on a single hinge, and the flexible mounting of the lower windscreen panel. The equipment is not so complete as in some cars, there being neither driving mirror nor screen-wiper, nor clock, but what it has is of very high class. The body-work is upholstered in a particularly fine kind of hide, which looks like box calf, but is much softer. Hood and side screens are efficient of their type, and the latter are neatly stored where they can come by no harm. The steering wheel is of the collapsible type, enabling the driver to reach his seat without squeezing. The general lines and appearance of the car are extraordinarily pleasing, and I certainly think that at £440 it is a remarkable example of a high-class car for a low price.



“Get a proved Brand”

“Well, Sir,” says the Garage Manager, “if you cannot climb that hill on third there must be something wrong with your fuel, for I know your car is in first-rate order. I would suggest that you avoid the cheaper fuels. Get a proved brand. It may cost a little more. But it will be worth it. I will fill her up with ‘BP’ and I am quite sure your troubles will stop.”

“BP”

The British Petrol

When motoring in France ask for “‘BP’ Essence Energic,” in Belgium for “‘BP’ Motor Spirit,” and you can rely upon obtaining ‘BP’ quality.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.—[Continued from p. 430.]

appalling distortions arise from well-intentioned but misdirected efforts of enthusiasts. The fact is that to give a correct and lively reading of a great poem or a fine symphony is extraordinarily difficult, much more difficult than we ordinarily are in the habit of supposing. For we are all under the illusion that it is merely a question of having acquired some sort of knack which we call technique, and in the possession of which we credit all those who have undergone more or less successfully a course of what we call "professional training."

Unfortunately this technique of the professionally trained artist is comparatively worthless. I say "comparatively" because it is obvious that it enables its possessor to put up some kind of simulacrum of the reality; but we have only to consider for a moment the many thousands of professionals turned out every year by our art and music schools, to realise that this technique which they have acquired does not amount to very much, and is a kind of technique which anybody who was not mentally deficient could acquire. The technique of the great artist is obviously a very different thing from this, and is, moreover, something which he is never taught at schools, but which he has painfully and slowly to acquire for himself in the exercise of his art.

Although all this is platitudinously true, it needs repeating over and over again, for the public is always ready to take things at their face value. We all know that having the magic letter M.D. after one's name does not make a man a great doctor, and that many men have been killed by professional medical *technique*. But the layman has no power of testing the capacity of the expert, and so he calls for a sign by which he may know him. The sign is given, and the sign means something, but it only means that the signee has studied the art or science which he professes, and we all know that the more some people study, the more wrong-

headed, perverse, incapable, and incompetent they become. For what is study but the perusal, the going over, of other people's experience, and we all know that other people's experiences never make oneself any wiser, unless one has the power of understanding them in relation to circumstances, and learning something that will be applicable and useful to totally different circumstances.

The most important power of all is the power of

what he is himself doing. And this imagination, in turn, depends upon his sensibility. It is a lack of sensitiveness which is responsible for the distorting performances of so much music. And we find so often that sensitiveness in one direction can co-exist with singular obtuseness in another. So the remarkable, outstanding performance of a great piece of music is a very rare event, but only when we get such a performance do we hear the music as a living

piece of work. This is why so often musical masterpieces go for many years neglected and despised, until one day some new musician re-discovers the music for himself, and performs it, and the public, including the critics, is agreeably astonished. We say to ourselves, "Well, after all, So-and-so's reputation as a composer was not in the least exaggerated." We had actually come to think, through hearing mediocre, lifeless, or distorted performances of the work, that it was the work itself that was at fault. This mistake is one against which experience teaches the critic to guard. He discovers after many years of listening to music that this has happened so often that he is wary of summarily dismissing music as worthless or mediocre after a single performance. It may be full of unsuspected beauties which a true interpretation would bring to light.

On the other hand, he also gets to the idiosyncrasies and limitations of performers, and is able to judge in many instances how far a composition is likely to have suffered distortion or obscurity at their hands. The great classics are, at any rate, safe, because they have been performed often enough to have several generations of appreciation behind them, and one can be quite certain to-day that, if a Beethoven Symphony or a Mozart opera fails to attract us, the fault lies somewhere in the performance, for there is nothing wrong with the work itself. And I, personally, after hearing Weingartner's performance of a Schumann symphony last year, will always remain very chary of declaring rashly that Schumann could not write for the orchestra.—W. J. TURNER.



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imagination, and the musician can only interpret the meaning of the composer in so far as he is capable of imagining it, and of imagining the effect of

ance of a Schumann symphony last year, will always remain very chary of declaring rashly that Schumann could not write for the orchestra.—W. J. TURNER.

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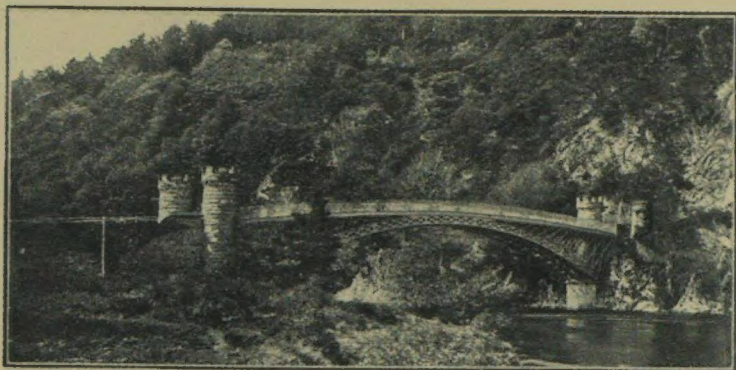
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THE CO-OPTIMISTS AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

MR. DAVY BURNABY and his companions are once more in town, and presenting their twelfth programme, which, all things considered, is quite as good as any in which they have hitherto taken part. The Co-Optimists, indeed, are an institution which functions with admirable efficiency; and the only criticism which we feel called on to make of their latest efforts is to suggest that the female members of the company are scarcely given sufficient opportunities of distinction. Miss Doris Bentley, for instance, whose singing is now quite good, might be allowed more chances; and Miss Mary Leigh should be permitted to work more systematically her distinctly amusing comic vein. Otherwise the new entertainment offered at His Majesty's fulfils its purpose very happily. Mr. Burnaby, whether singing "The Skipper" or conducting a jazz band, is as rollicking as ever. Mr. Childs is richly lachrymose in a bathetic ballad called "Tears." Mr. Holloway is almost equally good as baritone or mimic. And Mr. Melville, singing "Lacquer Lady" at the piano, has again got hold of a very taking melody gracefully turned. The "Co-Ops"—since Miss Phyllis Monkman's defection, at any rate—have been rather weak in their sketches. In their new bill, however, they have introduced two excellent ones, "Mary-Rose-Marie"—to which we have alluded incidentally in speaking of Mr. Burnaby—and "The Ghost Trade," the skeleton dance of which shows Mr. Melford at his best.

"THE QUEEN WAS IN THE PARLOUR." AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

Mr. Noel Coward's latest attempt to affront the bourgeois is to present a sort of "Fallen Angels" version of "The Prisoner of Zenda." A Queen who, on the eve of her marriage to a Prince of the royal house, spends the night with another man, hardly seems a promising subject for even ironic comedy. And she becomes downright unsympathetic when she makes his suicide at 4 a.m. the price of this surrender to her lover. Mr. Somerset Maugham or Mr. Arthur Schnitzler, working each his peculiar vein of cynicism, might have made a success of such a theme. But Mr. Coward, devoid of any kind of reasoned philosophy,

merely bungles it. But not quite. His sense of the theatre saves him more or less in the important scenes; and, thanks to this gift, and the invaluable co-operation of Miss Madge Titheradge as the Queen, of Mr. Francis Lister as the lover, and of Mr. Herbert Marshall as the Prince, the first-night reception of his "romance" was favourable. It is a pity that so ingenious a young man as Mr. Coward should remain still so ingenuous as to take only the night-club view of life.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN," AT THE CRITERION.

The play which fills the bill at the Criterion at the present moment is more farce than the comedy it purports to be; but, thanks to its bright dialogue and diverting situations, it holds the audience amused, and is worth seeing. An additional reason for paying it a visit is the fact that it employs the services of such a seemingly incongruous combination of artists as that of Mr. Norman McKinnel and of Miss Heather Thatcher. The tremendous impressiveness which Mr. McKinnel brings to a "heavy" part we all know. As the grim cross-examiner or employer of labour he is unrivalled. Similarly, the high spirits with which Miss Thatcher invests the soubrette of musical comedy are quite familiar. The idea, then, of engaging two such incompatible personalities as the protagonists in a duel of wits, in which the grim Scottish chairman of an assurance company pits his strength and experience against the wiles and lies of a handsome young married lady who is trying to swindle the company, turns out to be not quite so hazardous as it had seemed to be. The prettiness and vivacity of the younger player and the art and weight of the elder should give Mr. Grant's play every chance.

A NEW GALSWORTHY AT THE AMBASSADORS.

Mr. Galsworthy's "last" play is also one of his best; panoramic, full of excitement and pace, lavish in the variety of its character sketches—which are dismissed after the briefest presentation—this story of a convict's dash for freedom makes quite an exhilarating entertainment, so genial is its tone, so happy are its strokes of humour. Here we meet something like a new Galsworthy—new in mood no less than in technique. In this drama of episodes, which might have sent us away sad and depressed from the theatre, the playwright strikes a note of

hopefulness and charity. Here the humanitarian, who has so often championed the down-and-out or the outlaw at war with society, says a good word for the public, suggests how much heart and decency and tolerance there is in average human nature. His prologue shows him stating his problem in the old Galsworthian manner; it is a Hyde Park incident in which a Quixote, interfering with a detective's arrest of a woman of light morals, kills the man accidentally in a struggle. Later, with the hero's escape from Dartmoor, we are brought to the real business for which the author asks our interest. We are asked to note how a number of persons of different classes—magistrate, shop-keeper, sportsman, farmer, labourers, genteel women and parson—act towards a hunted man who is dodging the law. The survey is pleasing. Virtually all the women are on his side. Magistrate and parson both prove agreeably human. This is a very different moral from some Mr. Galsworthy has preached, and it is not driven at the spectator, who is left to pick it up for himself. A play of ideas, then; but also a picturesque romance—jolly, thrilling, even laughable.

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